A Martyr's Heir

Arthur S. Cripps

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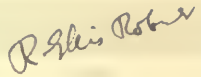

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A Martyr's Heir

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A Martyr's Heir

The Tale of John Kent

A.D. 1563-1594

By

Arthur Shearly Cripps

Author of
'A Martyr's Servant'

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DEDICATED TO

EDITH K. CRIPPS

"Best to one who was best to me"

To E. K. C.

Are there not Angels full as strong and wise
As those in Michael's vanguard of the skies?
Are there not Angels full as musical
As those best psalmists of the Seraphs all?
Yet these as Guardians fond but choose to school
One forlorn sinner, one forsaken fool!
Yea, by God's grace, and women are there none
That choose as these have done?
Knew we not one?
And know I not another now she's gone?

A. S. C.

NOTE

This book carries on the tale told in another volume of this series—"A Martyr's Heir." That book owed a big debt to the Rev. H. Chadwick's Life of the Ven. Gonçalo da Silveira (Manresa Press, Roehampton). This one owes much to Dr Theal's "History and Ethnology of Africa South of the Zambesi" (Volume I). Against any misrepresentations of character or fact, I would forewarn its readers in advance. The period covered seems to me a dark and troublous one in Africa's dim and vexed history. May my book help towards sympathy for the up-the-Mount climb of Christianity, for the natives of South-East Africa, and for the nobler sort of Europe's pioneers!

"Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

A. S. C.
(*On Chaplain's Service.*)

Lake Detachment, B.E.A.,
May 23rd, 1916.

A. M. D. G.

[A HYMN FOR MISSIONS IN AFRICA.]

Or rout, or check, or fell surprise!
Tide fain to ebb and loth to flow!
No longer white the wide field lies
Perpetua gave her blood to sow:
Roses which Austin's road would strow
Time hath uprooted utterly:
The lesser glory to our foe!
To God the greater glory be!

Saint Michael, stoop from out your skies,
With spear to launch, and trump to blow
Here where our faith our fate defies!
Come with your eyes' undaunted glow
And lips too brave one jibe to throw:
Teach us that hymn's humility
You taught our fathers years ago—
"To God the greater glory be!"

Bid honour live where favour dies!
Pray for us, Lady Mary, now!
Pray in our night of nameless cries,
And that mute watch ere cocks may crow!
Lord Christ, tho' faint our glory grow
Grant that our sons its fulness see!
To us—who serve—our service show!
To God the greater glory be!

Foes of our own house? Be it so:
Bless them that set us Ishmael-free!
Sing we *in dulci jubilo*—
"To God the greater glory be!"

A. S. C.

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BOOK I

CHAPTER I

A. M. D. G.

FIVE years after the time when I wrote last, I was sent to Sena with a certain Father Bernabe, my elder in both years and in the Order. By that day I had passed through many moods, joy and sorrow, and joy over again. Why did they hinder me that seemed to myself so ready to go these years past? "Why did they deny so willing a shepherd to sheep that had none?" So I would ask, but my blessed Master and Martyr, Gonçalo, did not fail me asking, for he answered in day-visions a few, and in night-visions many, "Patience, patience," and always commended to me our motto, his and mine—"Ad majorem Dei Gloriam." Moreover, he told me that my mother, whom I might not see, was of one mind with him. Thus they helped me to endure those five years.

When at last they were ended, and I came into Sena, the very night that I was rowed thither (a night in June, with a moon risen an hour before the sun set) I asked eagerly if

there were a boat going up-stream to Tete. And they told me I should haply have to wait a week yet. So then and there I made supplication to Father Bernabe that I might go with it, and, visiting our people of the fort there, see how they fared. He said in reply that he would consider the matter. O how his words dashed my hopes, for I had, by that time, learned the ways of Superiors. Moreover, I knew him by the voyage we had sailed together, or thought I did. I deemed him as old for his years and provident, as I was young for my own and hasty.

We set to work then and there, soon as ever we landed, to take up the work that had been bequeathed to us there by that Master of mine. Many of the sheep and goats of his time were gone now. Fevers and fluxes had been busy among them, and some had gone away. But there were still some left that remembered what he had done for them. Of how things went in the Monomotapa's country I could hear little at Sena. Just this I heard, that Antonio Caiado still ruled at Masapa as Captain of the Gates, and was a great man with the emperor. He that told me reviled my old friend not a little, but I heard afterwards that Caiado had refused him only in the last month a trading right, doubtless not unreasonably.

I tried to remember my Master and to con-

sider Sena holy ground for his sake, but you may guess that my wayward fancies were already flying towards Masapa, and past it, and down the way of Zambesi, by a confluent river. On the next morning Father Bernabe told me kindly that I might go to Tete soon as ever a boat should be going, for he had heard of the bitter need of Christian folk there. But I was to go no further.

My eyes flashed, I doubt not, and told something of my heart's desire. Then, and not till then, he brought forth a letter to show me, one that he had been given in Goa. Therein we were charged under holy obedience to preach the Word and to minister the Sacraments at Sena and Tete, but not elsewhere.

"It is good that we are given a commandment," said my Superior; he had lips as gentle and golden as his face was harsh and stony. He sighed with relief. "Else," he went on, "who would know what to do in such a broad land, a land of wounds so wide?" His eyes glistened in pity, and I loved him more than I had done as yet. But I was very sorry.

There was much work to do in Sena, for I would work remembering my Master who taught me both to seek work, and, when I had found it, to do it. But I started gladly up the river for Tete when my time came, making light of a fever that had hung heavy for a

few days. The morning I came to Tete it was as if Saint Michael went before me to clear my way. Whom should I meet with but Antonio Caiado on that narrow path I took from the river? He came towards me with his white cloak and jewels bright in the sun, knowing me or ever I knew him. He knelt down and kissed my hand that blessed him. Then he whistled on a silver whistle that he wore, and a brown man came running, lanky-limbed and laughing, with a wide mouth, whom I did not know for all his knowing me. But he said, "I am John Atiwagoni, and I came with this my master from Masapa to cook his food by the way." But Luis, he said, had not come. Then he told me, with a sad face, how Luis had taken his own father's wives, all of them save his mother only, and was living a pagan dog's life, only not unashamed. With that he burst out to me in Chikaranga: "Are you not come this day to be our father?" And Caiado said in his Portuguese, "When will you come to us?"

Alas! I had but little comfort to give them in my answer. And if Saint Michael was with me that morning, surely that night there was with me his adversary. For that very next morning must the Captain of the Gates start back for Masapa, and with him John Atiwagoni. How they begged me to come and build among

them, building up the ruins of my Master's work. And I told them it might not be till I heard further. Then Atiwagoni asked me with his eyelids twitching, "Are you afraid?" And those words stung my heathen pride that I brought from England, to undo me. I thought I would go with them and show them whether I were afraid or not. Was there not a cause? And they were glad to see how I stumbled in my words as one perplexed, when they asked me again, "Would I come?" But when I prayed before God, and before my Master that night, I knew that I could not go. And now was my task made much harder by my own wavering. And by my own fault I had added sorrow to sorrow for those two that loved me. But I went to them in the gray of the morning, where they waited for me in the Captain's grove. The winter wind cut me not then, as their reproaches did. I said that God and my Master must judge of my delay. It lay not with my duty to go now to them. Yet surely He that had brought me all the way, our God, would open a path for these few score miles that were left, should we but wait His time!

And I entreated John to say to Luis—"Remember therefore from whom and whence thou art fallen, and repent." Again they besought me, and again I refused, but I was

hard pressed. Then a cock crowed and I conjured them in love to let me be. I had no mind for Saint Peter's portion; I hated the sins of unfaithfulness. So at last they gave over.

CHAPTER II

Before the Morning Watch

THREE years went by in that river parish of ours, but I went little nearer to the Gates of Masapa. Three years! And my Master had not three months to do all he did in the Emperor's City! At whiles the Hand of God seemed heavy upon me. Moreover, for all the last year of the three there was no open vision vouchsafed me of my Master. Yet I would find comfort, casting my thoughts hither and thither to Christ's diverse ways with His own Saints and Apostles, willing John to tarry as surely as he bade Peter to follow hot-foot.

There were but a few Portuguese houses then in Sena and Tete, and they were built of poles and earth and thatch. But in the two outposts sheltered a number of broken men and slaves and men of that sort—white and brown and black and yellow were Our Lord's images in both these river-places. Had I done my devoirs to them better in my Master's own way, I had doubtless seen more of my Master. Haply I had but to look deep enough in my

own impatient heart to find why and wherefore visions were loth to come to me in that last year—that last year of three long ones.

It was November, and the first rains of summer had fallen when Caiado came again to Tete, and Luis and John with him. The Makaranga had not been since that happy Christmas time when Luis had found place for repentance, seeking it with many "Maiwés." But Caiado himself had not been for full two years. Now that October evening he sat amid my rose-coloured oleanders, and rolled his tobacco. His followers meanwhile sat on the floor of my portico. He told me the great news of a force that the king had sent on its way—a force coming our way. Was not that most valiant and fortunate Captain I had served under in Goa, coming even now? He told me of the Council that had sat in Mozambique last month. It must have been held just at the time that our first rains fell—October the month, and 1571 the year of our Lord. Thereat had congregated, he told me, some score of Fathers in Session, not only of our Society of Jesus, but also of the Order of Saint Dominic. And almost all that sat and advised had said the one thing—"Let us go to Sofala, and thence let us enter the country of the unredeemed." But one, he told me, said otherwise, and that was Father Monclaros,

to whose counsel a king had been known to listen before now. He said, "Let us go up the stream, seeking the Golden Emperor."

"And what said the Commandant-General, Dom Barreto?" I asked.

"Why, he bent to the bidding of the one rather than of the many. Are they not coming up the river by now? Surely they will bring their boats hither in not many days now."

I stared at him astonished. "This is news concerning my Master's work and me," I told him.

"You have well said," he answered, and tears sprang into his eyes. Then I knelt down and thanked God.

But he went on to tell me more of what Father Monclaros had said in giving his counsel. "He bade them make speed to the mountain of the Monomotapa," Caiado went on to say.

"And why?"

"That the Monomotapa may be punished for the bloodshed we both remember."

I frowned at his words. They sickened my heart, knowing my Master's mind so well through that love of mine. Then I smiled bitterly. "And how much blood will slake my Master's spirit?" I asked. "Will he come and drink at a trench like the dead in Virgil's

book. And how many huts must burn to keep him from the cold ?"

Caiado drew out his tobacco, waving stained fingers in deprecation. "It was Father Monclaros' counsel, not mine, that I repeated to you. Father Monclaros said so. Was it so very ill said ?"

I was dumb awhile, but at last I asked him, "We knew our Master's mind better, did not we, you and I ?" Caiado sighed wearily. "Yet," he said, "Father Monclaros hath fame as a Father; can you gainsay it ?" I answered nothing.

Then Caiado spoke of the boats and the soldiers that were coming, and how sickness had wasted these last—wasted them since the guns boomed and the trumpets blared when the fleet left Portugal. I listened to what he had to say. "Are there any English with them ?" I asked. But he had not heard so much.

"Be of good cheer," he said. "If Father Monclaros be but a common Christian, as our Father was not, he is at least a Christian." "Moreover," he said, "trust me. I am for peace with the Monomotapa, my master, peace in his borders, whithersoever they carry their war. What were the Gates worth to me, if there were war within them ?"

I smiled at his ruefulness. "As of old,"

I said, "you desire a noble thing for a base reason."

"Have it so if you will," was his answer. "This is a bad country, and Father Gonçalo lived not to see much evil. Yet have I hope of peace."

I sighed. "Father Monclaros has favour at court," I murmured. "And Dom Barreto's trade is war."

He reflected. "Dom Barreto," he said, "gave the priest his head at the Council not without wisdom. But he is too good a warrior to be altogether priest-ridden. Let us be glad that the priest has availed to bring him up the river. Let us pray that he may not avail to make war the way he purposes. See to it, my friend, that if an embassy be sent Masapa way, you be chosen to go with it."

"I will try to come," I answered, my heart leaping at the thought of its desire. "But who knows if I shall be suffered. I have many masters now." He laughed and called to my Makaranga friends. Then they all three said farewell, seeking their own quarters.

That night I read much of my candle away. I was reading an African's book, none other than Saint Austin's "Confessions." Therein I read words that use had endeared to me—words telling how we are so framed that none but God may content us. And as I read on and on

and here and there, I thought of the Church of old that graced Africa so notably. Surely churchmen of old had lost the secret of peace even as we did now. And with that, I turned to read another African, seeking that pageant of words wherewith Tertullian decks his vision of the Church's persecutors in torments infernal. The scene itself was mightily conceived, sonorous and tragical. But as for him that wrote, he seemed to be very blind somehow. And I thought to myself it was not mere unhappiness that had brought the cause he loved so low. There in the North was not the glory dimmed and the Day-spring eclipsed? Was not Carthage's church defaced, and Tagaste's cross shattered? Was not Egypt over-gloomed, and Abyssinia but an island in a hungry sea? Moreover, what was the fate of our Southern Cross to be? What sort of fortune was our Church to have in Africa—she to whom my Master's blood had been so freely given for seed?

Which was the right way—Father Monclaros' way of fire and sword, or Father Gonçalo's Sorrowful Way of the Five Wounds?

The night was old now. The slave I had redeemed was sleeping sound on my hut floor. I went out into the fresh night and watched the stars awhile.

There was my Master's sign to south—the

two bright guides, and the four stars of the Cross itself, one so dim. Beneath was a dark plain, where I could see no stars at all. There and then I fashioned to myself a parable of the Cross in Africa with two bright Watchers and Holy Ones—Michael of the War and Gabriel of the Tidings. But within the constellation itself there was one star faint, as with love obscured. If it had been so in the Africa of Tertullian, and the Circumcellions, what of the Africa of Father Monclaros? And beneath there was and ever had been surely a black pit, our Cross was but poised on the brink thereof. What of Augustine's Carthage now, his Hippo, and his Tagaste? Who would say Mass in those towns this very day that was now breaking? Nay, more, who was there to say Mass in the Monomotapa's city now for many a year to come? Would they ever let me go? And who was I to withstand stern influences of Tertullian and his kind with the sweet influences of my Master? Moreover, how many years would God give our Southern Churches ere they should join Northern Churches in the pit of silence? And a desperate throe of accidie pierced and wrung my heart. For I thought how here in Africa, our Mahanaim, our camp and host of God, is divided, as well as weak and small. And over against us in Africa are the camps of wizards and witches,

very great, and the host of the Crescent neither weak nor small nor divided. And I thought that it was not hard to read that writing in the Southern sky, neither the script of the faint fourth star, nor the black erasure wherein no star is left.

But a Sena cock crowed all of a sudden then, and shamed me out of that mood of mine. Was not a new day coming now, bright with God's new compassions ?

CHAPTER III

How Light armed against Darkness

Soon after, Church and State came up-stream, a splendid tide, into lonely Sena. The flotilla of both sailing-boats and barges seemed as if it would never end. It had brought horses to draw guns, and asses to load stores of water, and camels to bear bigger burdens than either kind of beast.

They were building at the Fort of São Marçal, great buildings were to be enclosed in its ramparts, and a church among the rest. Cattle of the countryside were yoked to bring stone of the countryside to the builders.

Then, in that sickly summer-time, both cattle and horses began to die, as well as men to fall sick. The Captain-General laid blame on the foul water. But Father Monclaros said otherwise. Of him in this matter I would speak as little as I may, lest, condemning him, I fall myself into condemnation. He said that the Arabs of Sena were poisoning the grass, yea, and poisoning the food of the soldiers. Then, when the Captain-General had a great

well dug, a certain man came to him and told him of a plot laid to poison it. And the Portuguese opened the horses that had died lung-sick, and declared that they found poison's traces. Then the grooms were tortured. So they that went to torture saying that they were innocent, came out of it owning guilt. Had not a Moorish priest paid them to make an end of the horses? Had not he found them the drug that they should practise with?

Therefore there was a killing of the Arabs, all the men of them, all save seventeen that were doomed to suffer otherwise than by the Christian sword. The day came for them to die, and I was there to see it—I their parish priest for the time, since Father Bernabe was away in Tete.

There was but one that would heed me when I spoke to them of Christ.

Him I baptized, calling him Lourenço. I went with my crucifix to the foot of the ladder that he climbed to die. Meanwhile, others were dying more fearsome deaths than he was called to, some were blown from the guns' mouths, others were impaled. Were they all so guilty that God's mercy should be thus abrogated? For very shame, as I spoke with Lourenço at the last, I spoke my own mind. In loyalty to Christ I became disloyal to Church-

men. I bade that dying man judge not Christ, Who prayed for His own murderers, by such murder as Christians did.

He mounted the ladder quietly, the oxen drew the wagon away, I held the Crucifix before him as he strangled.

At last they were all dead, and I was free to escape awhile, what time they dug the pits to bury them. I went down beside the river, and skulked in the brushwood, like a hart going heavily because of the wound it carries. I moaned ever and anon, saying over to myself my Master's words—" Let us not obscure the fear of a just God by the fear of us unjust men ! "

Someone came edging through the thicket seeking me. It was John Atiwagoni. He had a letter for me from Caiado. He gave the cleft stick that fastened it into my hand.

I broke the seal and read what he had to say, when he had finished a courtly greeting. . . . " . . . News has reached us that the envoy of your Captain, him that he sent to my master the Emperor, is dead. His boat was sunk in the river, and they could not save him. I am sending tidings to you at once by this child of your Master's. He travels with a state messenger of mine, who carries the tidings to Dom Barreto. I have made suit to his Excellency that he should send you and no

other at once, for you know the Emperor's country, and some of its customs. Let him send you as a forerunner, afterwards let some noble cavalier follow by the way that you have prepared! I beseech you to demur not, should you be offered the trust. May God and Our Lady bring you soon to us, as to no strange country!!!"

On the next day Father Bernabe came in a boat from Tete, and I met him on the landing-stage. I told him of Caiado's letter. I had other news as well to give him. I told him how the Captain-General had sent for me that morning, and offered me a mission on the King's behalf.

He reflected.

I begged him to let me go. I told him of the sights that I had seen only yesterday, and how my heart had a wound in it.

He reflected again.

He was a very good man, as being so loyal to his own conscience. That night he sent for me, and told me his own mind as to the matter. "You may go," he said, "but I would beseech you not to judge men hastily. Can we hearken to Christ—and judge? I thank my God indeed that I was not here to see what you saw yesterday. But I would have you know Father Monclaros' view of the matter. He deemed the execution of those poor wretches one of simple justice."

I thought to make a hot answer. But somehow grace was given me to shut my mouth. My old college motto had come into my head—"Quod tacitum velis, nemini dixeris."

CHAPTER IV

How I found Work by my Way

THE sun was going down on Christmas Even. It was near the night-fall of the Holy Night itself when I came to my Sacred Places. The Emperor's town had been moved three miles or more since the time of the martyrdom. Thorns and flower bushes that had ringed it at that time now grew rank and ragged, those that were left alive. There were ruins of huts and houses and grain-bins yet to be seen. But not one hut stood up.

I found the dark spread of rock whereon our hut had stood, and climbed it slowly on my knees. I turned to ask Luis where the door had once been, and the blood-trail had begun. He pointed confidently. So I laid my lips to the rock burning yet under the western sun. Then I sang "Nunc Dimittis," for I had at least been suffered to get me away into the wilderness, and seek the place of my rest, even if I were not to abide there. On the next happy morning Caiado went with me to the prince, and he made me welcome. But when I told him

by Caiado our General's message, he frowned and conferred with his Arab counsellors. Soon I was sent away for that morning. Before I left him I besought in broken Chikaranga, and Caiado besought for me, that I might speak with such of the people as were my friends of old. His face changed as I spoke. Who was I that knew so much of his tongue and his people? Caiado told him, and his eyes fell. I could see that he had not forgotten my Master. But he would give me no certain answer for all that I could say. "Let him come again after two or three days!" he said. Therefore I spent a quiet Christmas with Caiado—what was left of it, for I had said my three Masses already. Caiado would have me stay within the house that day, when many Africans came to greet me. He went out himself, and told them their prince's will. He told me that he feared the thronging of a crowd, lest the Arabs should use it to awaken fears at the palace. Then might the prince strike against me and him that sent me, like a frightened snake.

At last the time came when I was received once more in audience. Much consultation had been held with turbaned folk in the meanwhile, so Caiado told me. When I came into his presence, the Emperor said that he had weighed the words of his counsellors. Some

had said that he should distrust the Portuguese, nor receive the envoy they offered, with such honour as they asked for him. They had advised him to demand that he should sue as African clients sued. Yet the Emperor himself was willing to grant other and more honourable use. Let the envoy come wearing arms, and in kingly-wise, if it pleased the Viceroy that had sent me.

After he had said so much very graciously, his face grew darker. He bade me go my way to the Portuguese at once, nor open my mouth to his own people, nor recall old unhappiness. So I went out from his presence with a sad face, remembering the neglect of my master's flock, whereof he was one.

Caiado hurried me out of the court and away from the town on my road of return to Masapa. Yet, such was God's mercy, that road took me by the rock of sacred blood. I was able to kneel there. As I rose, I was aware of many kneeling about me in that desolate place among ruins. Without a word I blessed them, commending them in my heart to God's keeping. Then I went upon my way.

When I had come back to Sena, Dom Barreto received me in audience. He was rejoiced to hear how well my mission had sped. He lost little time in sending the envoy away, whose forerunner I had been, with much state and splendour.

I was weary, for my part, of the camp and court. I had heard that the Captain-General was dissembling with the Monomotapa, that he would not as yet demand his mines, but rather a road to seek mines in a country beyond him. I heard that he would win the emperor's good-will by offering to make war on Mongasi, his enemy.

Meanwhile there were many priests in Sena. It seemed to me that there were over-many there, just as there were over-few or none elsewhere.

So I was glad enough when Father Bernabe asked me to seek a boat for us two that we might depart for Tete incontinently.

There alas! I found many people mad for the promise of war. Had not Mongasi killed traders? Had not he swooped on Tete some while ago, and killed women and children? Therefore this war would be a very Christian act, so said many Christians. I would not pronounce on the matter. I buried myself in work that I found ready. There was a trader lying very sick in those weeks. I remember that it was Coelho, my Master's ancient friend, who first fetched me to him. His hut was at the least three miles out of the town; it was set in forest-ground close by a native village. At the time I reached him he was very worn with fever. On the morrow, when

he grew better, for the while he spoke to me much. He told me that he had seen me before, albeit I had not seen him. He said, "When you came with your Master to my store of old, it was built on the river-bank. I was not minded to mend my life just then, so I hid myself when I saw you coming. But one night the week after, I saw you coming to look for fire-wood, and I laid a great log in your way. You did not see me, but I saw you bear it off upon your shoulder, praising God."

So I gave him thanks for that kindness, thanks that I had owed him for seven years and more.

Afterwards he listened while I told him of my Master, setting himself to leave his own earthly ways and to wend Heavenwards. And before his time came, he told me much of that wondrous church the heathen built in old days, whose report had reached my Master. It was a church with many stones set skyward, he told me, orbed and huge, set cunningly that it might front the sun in the prime of his summer majesty. He said that the heathen of these days feared this church not a little, and that near to it were great places desolate of men. It was without the territories of the Monomotapa now, but doubtless his ancestors had borne sway and worshipped there, ruling many peoples from the hill-fortress above it.

Now were not the peoples wasted or gone? And was not its glory departed?

"Who were they that built it?" I asked him.

"Some say folk from the sea in ships and gold-seekers," he answered. "But I know not. Why should they build, even as these people might build, in the likeness of round hut or cattle byre, setting a tower like a spear with heft in earth and point assailing heaven? They wrote not as Tyrian traders might have written, or men from Assyria and Egypt, nor did they bury their dead in oversea fashion. Surely there were of these people, elect folk on whom God's Spirit came, that saw in visions tower and shrine and taught their fellows how to build them after the patterns of their dreams."

"But how should men building so, build such detested heathen work?" I asked him.

"Nay," he said. "Who knows whither the stumbling of men years astray will lead them, even though God's Spirit be their guide?" He was thinking of his own case. But I comforted him as to stumblings. Moreover, I watched and prayed for him long during that night. Then when the sun came again, my redeemed slave Marçal served my Mass, and I gave him the wherewithal for his journey, or ever he went down into silence.

CHAPTER V

Iron to sharpen Iron

THAT was a dark time for me when I was bidden to leave my river-side work and go to the wars. For my betters said I was fever-seasoned, and knew the tongue of the country better than they all did, therefore it were best that I went, leaving others to mind our folds at Tete and Sena. The envoy, whose forerunner I had been, had come back from Masapa. He had brought great news of the Emperor's graciousness, how he was minded to further our cause with might and power, if only we would break for him the might and power of his enemy Mongasi. I was sick at heart about many matters when I went. Yet was I glad enough to go since they were for sending me. Hope was at least vouchsafed me that I might help daring and dying men. Moreover, by daring and dying myself, I might join my Master. Surely the Providence of God it was that granted me then in my loneliness a comrade after my own heart, no other than a Kentishman and a member of my own Oxford College—Richard Forde.

He had come over-seas for reasons of faith; he was younger than I was, but only by two or three years. He was a man reputed sad and silent among his fellows, yet I found him a true friend, sober as to words, but insatiate of deeds, one who sought day and night both to render any service and to refuse no honest adventure. I remember how he saved Ruy de Mello when he was crippled by a hurt buffalo. It had lain in wait for him, lurking among grass and reeds. He sat up three nights with him on an island, tending him and caring for him as he might, when we were voyaging up the Zambesi river. Afterwards, when the sick man prospered and was left to mind the island camp, we went on in one boat together, tracking our main army. We landed and camped on the south bank that night. We were but a small party, and the night struck cold.

About midnight a native, who slept beside me, rose shrieking. He said that there were witches in the woods about us, and we crossed ourselves and prayed. Then we made up our fire and watched till cock-crow. While we were watching so, a marvel befell.

There was a man squatting at my feet—a Makaranga named Madobo. He was a man whose village was the same as his who had roused us, and he and his fellow-tribesman whispered much together. It seemed to me

that they were in some deadly fear, their limbs shook so, and their brown faces grew so livid in the firelight.

Suddenly Madobo shrieked and pointed.

I saw a black snake, of the kind like a scaeel, rear itself up before his companion. The man sat up stiff before it, but uttered no cry. It hissed, and he fell like a log. Then it slid away, thridding among the scattered logs, and so into the thicket. The man was still breathing when I went to him and pillowed his head on my bosom. Forde came to us and bent over him, asking whether the snake had indeed struck him. I was very sure that it had not struck while I watched. But Forde searched for pricks on his arm. He said that it might have struck when it first came out, or ever a bystander was aware.

Yet there was no wound to be found for all his searching. The man opened his eyes and moaned, then he sank down to death slowly, as one dying of some unknown terror. He was dead before the first cock crowed. His comrades wailed over him and bore him out to bury him, when the sun had not risen long.

Forde asked me the meaning of a death so sudden. I shook my head and crossed myself fervently. He laughed at my hint of magic, but he laughed no more afterwards. For Madobo came back from the burying, and,

when I questioned him, he told me strange things. I interpreted them for Forde into our own plain English out of that cloudy African tongue. Mabodo said that the man had quarrelled with one that might have been his son-in-law these few months past. They had fallen out about cattle. The man whose cattle this dead man had taken, had been aggrieved and offended. Therefore most likely he had sworn and conceived revenge. "Likely it was," said Madobo, "that he has sought a messenger to send to this his enemy. Doubtless this serpent was sent by his procuring."

"But how should a serpent strike without a wound?" I asked.

Madobo was impatient of my stupidity. "Have you lived in our land, and yet do you not know our custom?" he asked me. "If that snake did not strike with fangs, were there not other ways to strike him—him unto whom it was sent?" He turned to Forde and spoke with wide eyes. "My lord, if a snake should come to you speaking with a man's voice, had you no Christian charm by you, would you not die of the horror?"

"But," I said, "I heard no voice when the snake came."

"Yet did not he that is dead, hear it?" he asked me. "When it called him to death, did not he understand?"

Forde shuddered.

As we sat over our breakfast that bright morning we planned a journey after the wars should be over, if our betters would only let us go. Would we not go together into wild places, we two that spoke the same tongue? How had I lived and thriven all these years so starved of English speech, save in my prayers and books? God knows. Surely we two would make speed to travel together among the ruins of the dead, also we would learn more of the terrors of lands delivered up to the power of the Prince of the Air, also we would essay to tread that power by faith of ours. Gravely we rehearsed the victorious benefits of our common Patron-Saint, Michael. We planned to crown some African granite hill with a chapel given for his service. Surely this land, if ever a land, had bitter need of him!

CHAPTER VI

How we taught the Heathen

THE army of Dom Barreto was ten days travelling south, after they had left the Zambesi, and followed its confluent stream. But they did not travel very speedily. When we, that had lagged behind, came up with it, our host was halted about many camp-fires. Africans had killed some cattle for them, and were cooking flesh in the wood-embers after a fashion that I knew well of old. It was a cool and gracious evening; a full moon rose clear even as the sun dropped. Our soldiers from Europe lay stretched out for the most part—sleeping, or snuffing, or smoking their rolled tobacco. They seemed dolorously worn and spent with the heat of a windless day. I counted some five or six cannon with their gunners about them—weary and fever-haggard men. As it appeared, there were only about a score of horses left to mount the cavalry. But the arquebus men were still in number about five hundred, and on them, if Forde was to be believed, the victory under God depended.

On the tenth night our Makaranga scouts brought us word of many fires in the distance. On the next morning, that was bitter with wind and had its skies clouded, we struck camp early, and marched by moonlight. At last crows grew loud above us, and doves that had crooned ever and again in the night grew noisier. The light came, and at last the sun rose, breaking the bar of clouds to east.

Even with the sunrise a great joyful din arose. We had come to a clearing in the forest, and were debouching on an almost bare hillside. There we had a wide prospect of brown ridges and valleys, and bands of men showed black among these, and upon those. The light of that new sun quivered and danced upon thickets of spears.

There and then we halted, and were bidden to entrench ourselves on that upland with all the haste we might. For were we not few, and our foes in great multitude, so far as we could judge of them ?

That night we lay under arms—a noisy night with sound of drum and warriors' songs and dances. But they would not come on.

I found opportunity to give Sacraments as another day drew on, to my friend among the rest. He was among the eighty who were chosen for a dangerous errand. They were to make a feint of attack in the early morning.

Before the sun rose he bade me good-bye with a smile.

Very soon they were back again, and a mob of our adversaries with them. The battle thickened. Where I stood, on an ant-hill, I could see a skinny old woman, a poor bag of bones, dancing and leaping and beating a rattling gourd. My servant muttered to me that she was throwing up spells into the air.

"Maiwé! Maiwé!" he cried. And then, much like Eliseus' servant in Scripture, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?"

I crossed myself, and counselled him to do likewise, for had he not been baptized the very night ere we left Tete?

"Ah, see!" he cried, and plucked at the sleeve of my gown. A little soldier was kneeling with his firelock propped on a bank, making good his aim. Her spirits could not keep his victim from him. She came leaping with her pitiful stiff limbs, straight towards the peril. The gun boomed, and she fell all of a heap. God's Mother! How I hated that deed!

About her body the brown ranks swirled in terror. But they surged up again. Then for a while they brimmed over, and poured straight for us like a river in February flood. But the Portuguese cried on Saint James, and contrived thunders and lightnings against them.

Many fell, and many fled, under that horrid

storm. Soon our main host broke out from our defences upon them. But Dom Barreto would not leave our men long time pursuing. He feared losses, having so few to follow so many. It was indeed well that he was provident. For soon though the recall sounded, many had time to get arrow-wounds, many of our few. I had my hands full with the sick in the hour that followed. Then, after that we had broken fast, the army moved on again. Scouts had brought word of a promising adventure at hand. Was not a village of the enemy near, as ripe for burning. So after breakfast the order came to march thither. It was a great village with forest lands about it, as I remember. How I begged at the Captain-General's feet that he would spare the grain-bins! Doubtless their harvest was just carried, and we had had much millet that year.

"What is the wisdom of burning God's gifts, when our poor fellows are so hungry?" I pleaded, and he listened, but I was too late. Even as he came with me to see the bins, we saw the flames leaping up. Suddenly there came a cry that the heathen were upon us. Then the Captain-General shouted that they should heap bushes and drive piles. Very soon our guns were ready, but our time of grace had only just been long enough. As Forde, who was scouting, told me afterwards, those Africans

set their battle in order, flanking us, as it were, with crescent horns. As before, our storm broke upon them. One whose wounds I dressed that evening, a mere boy he was, told me how they feared us. For they saw our camp canopied as with clouds—the smoke of our artillery. They melted away into the forest, and our men followed them. God knows how many of them were hurt and killed—I saw a many of them. I was able to help a few with wounds, yet I might have done much more, had I had the wit in that manifold confusion.

Afterwards it was reported that we ourselves had two men slain, and that some among our three-score wounded would most likely die.

The same report averred that six thousand lives of our enemy lay to our account since morning. We made a hospital then and there on the charred ground of that African village. It was a pleasant place in the woodland, with water in plenty near by. And there for five days we had peace and opportunity to care for our sick and to bury our dead. On the sixth day our host fought its third battle.

We had a great fence by that time, and our enemy could not break it. Surely the number of their slain was great, so great as to break their sturdy hearts. Therefore they sent a

messenger at last to Dom Barreto. Someone came to call me that I might interpret for him. This Captain-General of ours had proved his courage alike in India and Africa, so that I reverenced him. Moreover, I was sorry for him as one whom the visitation of God had not spared. Was not his wife, Father Bernabe's kinswoman, taken off by plague but two days after he sailed from Portugal? I was to be more sorry for him in days to come, as I may tell you by and by.

But on this day I knew not whether to admire his valour or to detest his pride the more. I knew him to be harassed for lack of food and ammunition, also I knew that he had many of his soldiers crippled, also I knew that he was very far, despite our kraal-burning and slaughter, from victory such as he desired.

Nevertheless he spoke to that African envoy as an arrogant master. He said that he would think over the matter, and that the chief might send and await his answer after two days gone.

So after two days that chief sent presents—cattle and goats, and sheep and ivory. Then Dom Barreto sent back some hoes of iron, but no peace was sealed between the twain of them. We thanked God for the cattle and sheep,—I do not think that I myself had ever been so hungry as I was in that victorious war.

Soon we were marching back, with far too many mouths to feed out of our pinched stores. What disciples they became of their southern servants, these northern soldiers, who were so prone to despise them! It was our Africans who best taught us where to dig roots, also what wild fruit to seek, and what to leave.

Then at last we came to the river's bank, and those at our camp sent us millet in boats.

The sick were to be sent down the river, our officers told us, and I was to go with them. I was glad to bear Forde company, but I was sorry for the cause of his going with us. He had indeed lost no blood by wounds, yet had he lost much by sickness.

When we came to Tete he was able to walk from the river to Coelho's house, and he rested there two or three days before the boats went on. I was happy at seeing him much as of old once more, not rolling his tobacco the Portuguese way, but smoking it in a bowl with a reed-stem in the fashion that he had taught me. We would sit under the portico when I could be spared, talking much of the present war, and what might come of it.

Forde had a trick of smiling bitter smiles. He was very fair, sun-burned, and pleasant to look upon, now that the flux and fever had left him.

"We have taught the heathen," he said

(it was on the last morning we were there); "we have taught them in such fashion as they esteem princely and kingly. We have taught them somewhat of the Fear of God."

I answered him from my heart. "The smoke of a burning village," I said, "comes before me these days, as also the smoke of our artillery. When I look on my Crucifix, I may not see those Five Wounds for the smoke."

"We have taught the heathen what God we serve," he said, gaily. "Is it not good to teach the heathen?"

I said over softly some words of my Master that flashed into my mind. "Let us not obscure the Fear of a just God by the fear of us unjust men!"

But he did not heed me very intently. He was nursing a Makaranga child that was crying for her mother.

CHAPTER VII

How one I deemed injurious became my Benefactor

We were dying as our cattle and mules and horses had died before us, when the Captain-General came back to us at Sena. We had been waiting for him months and months then. He had gone down the river before us in a *luzio*, making what speed he might. Wind of treachery had blown up the river to him somehow. One he had befriended, and made Captain at Mozambique, was planning to hold his stores that had come from Goa, and cripple him. Was he not crippled enough as it was? Yet at Sena he delayed for us till we were come to him, we that had gone out so full in expectation, and returned with such empty honour. He had news to cheer us with, before he went—blessed news to my ears, some of it was. We were drawn up in conclave about the Hospital where a many were lying, when they proclaimed that tidings to us. Ambassadors were come from the Monomotapa's country (or rather from my Master's country as I would

consider it) bearing greeting, and desiring both friendship and freedom of trade. Where were they? My heart bounded. Was there any one of our flock come? But they said they had gone home, having made three promises. Two of them I little cared for—how the Emperor would outdrive Saracens and give the Portuguese gold mines. But the third promise was that he would make us missionaries welcome. Was not my dream coming true now after a many days? Dom Barreto had named three gentlemen who were to bear gifts (gifts well worth having) to the Emperor. It was not long after, that he himself sailed for Mozambique, with trouble behind him and trouble before. With him he took Father Monclaros. I said good-bye to that Father very heartily, I remember, wishing what I should not have wished.

O how the months dragged, and the rains fell, and the fevers clutched. That was a summer. But the walls of Fort San Marçal rose, and the Church rose within it. I was glad to be building at whiles, and I built at first more than my conscience allowed me, with so many sick men about. Afterwards for very shame I might build no more, I was so busy with higher concerns. At last, when I had almost given up earthly hope, yet had too little of heavenly hope come in its place, the

guns fired gallantly, and there was a rush and a scurry among the soldiers, who had not one to lead them now. Down to the river-side they poured—a ragged and wan crowd that seemed to find banner-poles heavy to carry. Forde was one of the lustiest, and he helped to bear the Lieutenant Vasco Homem, who looked more dead than alive. The Commandant-General was back again. He smiled a wan smile at me as he came through the weeping and hand-kissing crowd. He asked me how the Fathers of our Society were, and I told him how ill they did. He sighed and Father Monclaros sighed with him, as they passed on together. I followed them to the Hospital. There was only one man who could stagger to his feet there, and let fly with his arquebus for joy at Dom Barreto's coming. As for the rest, they were rather like rotten sheep, they huddled together and shook so. Well might they be out of cheer a little that day, for was not their last doctor a dying man. The tears stood in the Commandant-General's eyes, I fancy. Was this the end of all his power and his glory in the East, his who had planned with his dead bride such an enterprise of loyal service and royal magnificence? But he bestirred himself, and called his loaded carriers to him. He had not forgotten his trust, he told the sick, he had brought them much that they needed.

And so he had, and many of them throve on that better fare. Yet had he brought them many comrades to share their sickness, for of those that were newly come with him up the river, some lay low.

It was eight days afterwards that Father Monclaros bade me to an audience. He would have some talk with me about a mission to the Monomotapa—deeming me the toughest man to hand, in his Society. You may be sure that I hurried to go with Father Bernabe and the brown-bearded and rough-clad messenger that had been sent to me. Indeed, I had to mend my paces, and wait for my comrade. I had forgotten he had so new come from a fever bed, he was panting woefully as he came up the hill behind me. I need not have hurried so fast. The Father was closeted with the Commandant-General, they told me when we came to his door, and we had a while to await him. I heard voices within—the one proud and passionate, the other cold and bitter, even as the south-east wind had blown that May morning. The door opened, and we heard them taking leave. Then the Commandant-General spoke out again in wrath. I could hear the priest's answer come clear through the door. This was the purport of his words—" My Lord Captain of Mozambique, you that should have left this evil war alone this long while, will not

God bring you into judgment for your wilful ways that have killed so many?" I did not hear Dom Barreto's reply, if indeed he made any. He came out a stricken man, pale and listless, with his proud head bent. "That man has gone home to die," said Father Bernabe to me. And so it proved. They said he had no sign of fever, yet he died for all that. He was in great trouble of mind, men told me, but I was not the priest that he chose.

On the night of his burial-day Father Monclaros called me to him again. I went with a very stubborn heart, for I held him very guilty, and I had loved Dom Barreto not a little, I that pitied him so much. Then something happened that brought us together. The Father was not within when I came to his door. He had been called to the Hospital, one said, and I strode gravely to meet him. It was bright moonlight, and I could see far. At last I saw his dark form in front coming down the hill. Someone else had seen it. A dark shape dropped from a tree in front of me, and waited as he drew near. I saw something flash, and I delayed no more. I sprang forward to grapple him that waited behind the tree-trunk. He heard me coming and fled at the sound, he did not even look to see who it was. But I knew him for an Arab by his snowy turban. I began telling the Father my tale,

when I met him in the way. He was very gracious and grateful. Then he questioned me as to that lurking enemy. It was on my tongue to tell him what I knew, but I told him not. I did not like what I saw in his eyes. I remembered how he had been for treating Arabs before, who had given him less occasion than this one. I would give him no clue to nose him out. I was vague in my answer, and I made haste to lead him off the scent with a pleasant tale of my own. I had been striding home in the moonlight and a little native boy met with me in the way. The place was a wild place, none other than a ruined village. We started, both of us, as we met face to face, he with his cudgels raised to strike. But he knew me and struck not. Then he told me how he and other lads had been going the same way as I was, and had seen me following. I think I was dreaming of certain lanes in England, and I had come as in a dream, all in my black, under the moon. They deemed me a naked black man, and so a wizard tracking them down. The other lads ran, but this one, having a poor hope of escape, turned to meet me with such poor weapons as he had. We knew one another in good time.

The Father smiled at my tale. He was in a very sweet humour with me.

"Get ready to start for the Monomotapa's

court to-morrow," he said. "Why should you wait here, you that are so fever-tough and can care for yourself so well in this wild country? Kneel down."

Forthwith I knelt down, and he blest me for my mission, saying I was to have Father Bernabe for my companion, whom might God make as tough as me! I kissed his hand, and my tears came in a torrent. It was strange that I should kiss Father Monclaros' hand as if it were a blessed relic. I thought so myself afterwards, and shuddered a little, thinking how stained it was. Yet he was a right noble benefactor to me and mine assuredly. If ever he should stand in sore need of pleading, let me be there to plead for him that he helped me to come to my Master's flock at last!

CHAPTER VIII

The Place of the Five Wounds

We came into the country of the Monomotapa not many months after, and he gave us a place where we might stay. This was a place on the frontier of the ancient princedom of Toroa. If of old the Monomotapa's rule had overshadowed it, it overshadowed that princedom no longer, or but very lightly now. In this land of Toroa there are many great buildings, and monuments of men of other days. The great fort and temple whereof I have spoken already lay, it might be, an hundred miles to the south of my new habitation. Near to us were granite hills a few, but about us was open country with a fall of the land to westward. A wide plain stretched westward before you came to a chain of hills.

"Surely this is a blessed place," said my companion as we halted at last under a granite hill. He planted his staff before him in the spongy ground that a stream traversed, like Saint Joseph in Avalon. "Behold yonder hog's back of earth and rocks and trees! What is its name?"

Luis, who had carried a knapsack for him, came running up, his face all smiles, albeit we had travelled a weary way. "That is the hill of the Slain people," he said. "Of old it was esteemed an evil place. Therefore I think that our prince has let us come here. For he considers that we are not afraid with the fears of other people."

Yet Father Bernabe had no ears for him as he prattled on. "Let us call it the Hill of the Five Wounds," he said to me. He almost whispered in my ear, as though that name were of too much reverence to breathe louder.

"As you will," I said rather wearily. And I made haste to help Luis to look for firewood, that we might eat and drink and take our rest the sooner. Afterwards he told me the meaning of his singular joy at the sight of that granite ridge. It appeared that it bore a likeness to a mountain near the source of Tiber where Saint Francis received the Divine Impress. He said he would call it the hill of Maronda Mashanu (the Five Wounds) if I were willing, the hill being what it was, a hill in a pagan country. Gladly I approved. Glad I was for my new home to get a good name so early. There were a few villages scattered in the thick woodland of acacia trees underneath it. I think there were not more than

four villages in all hard by. Then a few were with us from the Monomotapa's great place, as John and Luis and others of the Father's people, who had come with us or followed us. These and some of their households remained still to the Father among the Christian children he had begotten, acknowledging yet his Fatherhood. Surely some of them had come through much affliction. If some had flinched, who were we to judge them whose own trial was not as theirs—whose path led not so lonely through the fire or the waters? We sang Te Deum that night among the white flowering trees of a southern September. Somehow I was back on that night when we gave thanks on Trinity Eve for the founding of our College. Doubtless the glint of the wild white blossoms brought May-bloom to mind. Also that night I was back on the night when we first came to Otongwe, and the boy spilt the porridge over my sick Master, and Father Fernandes deafened us in his high spirits. Doubtless faces of folk of the new place hanging about our camp-fire, and watching us so wistfully, put me in mind of that night. Doubtless reek of wood-smoke and rekindling of old joys in work and comradeship helped me as well to my remembrance. We built a chapel on that hill ere Christmas came, and Father Bernabe chose a happy name for it, calling it Saint Mary of the Angels. There

was much work to do in the days, and prayer to pray in the nights that were coming.

Luis would come to me and sigh over that new raw work of ours—telling to me times and times again, as one singing a sad refrain to slacken the pace of brisk dancers, how the glory was departed. Was it not indeed departed since those days of the Father's triumph, when he came to the Great Place of the Emperor, and an Emperor listened to his evangel ? Then a prince and a prince's mother had been baptized—we had been given our lord Saint Sebastian for nursing-father, and our Lady Mary for nursing-mother.

Then we had sunned ourselves in the smile of a Court, we of the Cross' Shadow.

Now times were changed. We were but poor men and unwelcome guests, living in this forlorn place almost without the bounds of the Empire. Headmen truly had been kind to us, but they were not impressed by our power or honour. Children crept to our schooling now and then, sometimes encouraged by their parents. But sometimes again they could not well come, being forbidden. Now and then an old man would ask for news of the Faith, yet likely enough he would laugh at what he heard from us, and then go away to his beer and his wives again. We were not renowned as mighty men now, nor were our works esteemed mighty

works among our neighbours. So would Luis lament, but I would not allow that he said all the truth. It seemed to me that the turn of fortune had brought much more gain than loss. I was glad that our days now were true heirs of those last days of my Master, when the world had begun to frown at him. Yet there were shadows about us now, and poor men's trials; the home-sickness I knew of old, and the fever I knew of old, came both to me and to my comrade. I believe that both evils took a yet tighter clench of me.

We had not been settled in our home five years, when I began to write sad letters to our Father in Goa—letters that it went to my heart to write. Would he not call Father Bernabe home, and give me another comrade?

I loved him, for whose recall I prayed, much, too much to stand by dumb, while he slew himself, after the fashion for which Saints assume dispensation.

He would work day and night after the fever had come to him, he would rise early to work ere the fever had taken its leave. To such purport, I wrote once and again. I was not free from a shudder or two when I thought what the answer to my petition was likely to be. They would surely recall the man I loved, and I, what should I do, so wanting grace as I was, should some statesman-like Monclaros or astute

Fernandes come to share work with me unworthy ? For I noted how our flock was growing. It had already outgrown two folds now—both the hill-chapel of St Mary of the Angels, and the wattle church of the Five Wounds which we built in the valley below it. Also I noted how many of the folk seemed to love my comrade more than they did me, and suffered many a pang of shame because of my own resentment. But in the end I bowed my head, and knew how rightly they chose. Was I not cold at whiles as the north whence I came ? Was I not short of speech and thrifty of smiles after a too common English fashion ? Is it not a fashion that loses some men's love, even if it wins others ? And was not Father Bernabe grown winning with something of even my own Master's victorious sleight of love ?

How I thanked God and that Master's intercessions for many boons—not least for him that had taken up his share of my Master's own burden ! Surely he had found it hard a many times to keep such strange northern company as mine in that lonely south all five years now ! He had done his work very quietly, but, as it seemed to me, very worthily. I was distressed for him, when he fell sick again and again.

Yet I was heart-stricken when I thought

what a traitor I was to his earthly happiness, contriving somehow to write such urgent letters, demanding his speedy recall in Love's Name. Would he ever be so happy on earth as here, and withal find such work to do, achieving such noble success year after year?

Sorrowfully, it was on a bright morning after Easter, when we had struggled through many bouts of fever, I told my own Master my distress and doubt. My visions of him were not very many now, yet no great season of any year went by without my seeing one of them.

I spoke to my Master as he stood up against the low sun on the hill-crest—and he made answer to me with calm words. "What are creatures such as Time and Space to a man such as him you love? Trust him to his own God and to ours! Can He not give peace in every place and at all times to His own?"

BOOK II

CHAPTER IX

The Passing of a Night Watch

WHEN the letter came to recall Father Bernabe, he had been dead two months at least. Our Christians had buried him on the Hill of the Five Wounds, where most in all the world he had longed to lie. He left me his priest's seal with an I.H.S. upon it and his name—Bernabe de Ataide—graved around, also a cross and a bell, with other blessed relics besides. Since him I have had four comrades, for I take up my record again in the year of God 1592, then and not till then. They are all dead; the last of them only left me this last month, dying suddenly of a snake's poison. I reckon that my letter giving tidings of his end has to go far yet, ere it reach Goa. Somehow all of the four seem dimmer to my remembrance than Bernabe, who was with me when we first came to our home.

The years have been much alike to one another in their sums of joy and sorrow, nevertheless their days have been diverse enough.

All of my comrades have been very good

men, and our people have loved them, yet some not so well as others, doubtless. The others have followed Bernabe out of sight. But Father Gonçalo, who laid his life down so many years ago, is not gone as they. Only last week I had a clear vision of him. While he was with me that Vespertide, methought I read in his face what he would tell me, how my time draws to an end, as all things here upon this earth must draw.

I would not tell you much of these times gone by—suffice it that Luis is gone, and John's wife, and many more. Also there are children growing up in the Faith to parents that my Master christened more than thirty years ago. "Lord, thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. . . . For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

Of the passing of a night-watch I would tell you while I have time, believing that the time is short.

But first I would tell you of the one-armed man of Sofala who has come to me thrice in the last fourteen years bearing messages. He is one of God's simple ones. My boys tell me he has never married, as how should he, having no cattle to pay as a price for a bride? Some small boys have told me, grinning, that should he die, folk would bury him with a rat

tied to him. Such is the custom of folk round here—following heathen mockery and not Christian pity.

The first time this messenger came to me, he brought me a letter in a cleft stick. Therein I read black tidings of that eclipse of chivalry when King Sebastian died. Far away in the north of our Africa he fell. The Moors made havoc of his army. Suddenly, as it were at noontide, gloom of God's forsaking wrapt the cross in Africa. The second time that the one-armed man came, I shrank from before his face. Had not John made haste to tell me that a man who has borne bad news once is like to bear the same again? Yet this time he came carrying no letter, and with no tragic tale to tell. He said, smiling, that he had been given a burden, a little one that tired him not. He said a ship had brought it to Sofala, he thought. Then he told me how he had come, taking pains to recollect adventures of each day, and the name of every village where he had eaten or slept. Would he never finish? His hand was under the blanket that he wore as a mantle, and I thought to see him bring out the burden, whatever it might be. But instead of that, he brought out a little gourd filled with ground-nuts. He said that a woman had given it to him that very morning. Where, then, was the burden he had carried for me? He said

that a river had been swollen and he had gone a whole day seeking how to ford it. Then he had been stricken with a sickness, and climbed with a dizzy head over the stones of a great hill. At whiles he had lain down, again and again he would rise and stagger on. But where he had left what he had carried, he could not remember. He had gone back to look for it among the rocks, yet he had not found it.

My servants broke out into bitter mockery, but I hushed them. "Let us go to look ourselves," I said, "when Sunday is past."

Long we sought and found nothing, but as we were coming home a messenger met us from a certain village. He said that the headman had found somewhat that he would give me, if I would give him a cloak. I went to see what he had found.

The parcel was bound all round in native fashion with bark. Within were five books —"The City of God" was there, and the "Shepherd-Songs of Theocritus"; also Apuleius' "Apology" and his "Metamorphoses" as well. The fifth book—it had a letter in its leaves—was strange to me. I read in it that it had been printed in Paris some fifteen years afore —it was a Latin Song with a burthen.

Gladly I stripped off my old cloak, and paid it away for a ransom.

I read in the letter that Forde had come at last once again to Africa. He had brought with him the gift he had been minded to make me long ago—the gift I had thought would never now be mine. His letter was short. He had served in some Eastern war, and come through a sore sickness after it was over. He had bought the books for me in Cochin from some scholar upon whom he had happened there. Doubtless, I thought to myself, he paid magnificently for them, having prize-money in his purse.

He said he had thought to get the books to me somehow, though his ship was bound for Saint Helena. Someone on board, he noted, had stolen two or three of them.

The ship had been set to race, he told me. When she had leaked, they had tried to make Mozambique, but could not, and they had been wrecked.

He was now lying at Sofala, having wrestled with a fever for a sennight. He thought to stay where he was awhile, being weak and wasted. Would not I come to him ?

Yet it might be, he allowed, that I should not find him there, even if I should come. I would not leave my work. I but wrote a letter. It was by the next Easter that the one-armed man came back with a cleft stick, holding a letter in his hand. We made him many great

compliments for not having lost it. How I made haste to read!

My friend was still at Sofala, working there as one of the garrison. He said that his time would be out in a year or two. He would then seek to come to me, he promised. Haply he would not have the health to make that journey. Haply he would not find a guide. Yet I trusted in God that nothing would keep him from me.

CHAPTER X

The Black Friar

It was last year that five travellers came to us, travelling south-westwards by way of the rolling plain. Tidings of their coming reached me early one morning, and I set forth after my Mass, taking a northward path to meet them. We were getting fairly into our stride across a great valley, when the boy that guided me cried out to me. There were men fairly to be descried coming over the next ridge towards us.

I made out two men of Europe as I watched with wistful eyes—a bearded traveller of towering stature, who was surely no Portuguese, and a black-robed Friar. They had three African bearers with them, but they were loaded themselves as well. The tears sprang into my eyes, when I once made sure who was coming. I had not seen one of my own nation for so many years now, and blood cries to blood. Moreover, I had lost so many yoke-fellows in my work, and the last was gone but a little time since. Surely this was Forde, my old

camp-comrade, who came to me, and the years had dealt lightly with him. Surely the Friar was of that Order which had borne our Society company in that war, of long ago, not without emulation. (I remember giving a Dominican many yards and yet worsting him, when we raced from a Field Hospital to the place of drawing water. We made a stern race of it, though we were weak on our legs from fever, with many of his Order and my Society standing by and looking on. At first, as I remember, they cheered, but afterwards chode with us very properly for cheating Society and Order, squandering our strength so.)

Now I just wrung Forde's hand and turned away sobbing, shaking as with the chills of fever, while he was hardly less moved.

He told me afterwards how hard it was to know me for him that he remembered—I was grown so very white now, and furrowed, and eye-sunken after my nineteen years.

Then very courteously he made me to know his companion—Father Nicolas of the Rosary, none other than the man who would not leave the sinking "São Thomé" to swim for it, till he had shriven the very last of her doomed tenants. "He is a man after your own heart," Dick Forde said. And even so I found him to be. That night we told stories—Father Nicolas of that notable shipwreck, and what befell after

it, Forde of wild adventures of his own, and I of small happenings among my own loved people. This is the story of that Friar of the Rosary.

They were sailing hard for Saint Helena's frowning island, racing with spread sails, as they that would be the first to land of all that had sailed out together from one port in Cochin. It was the 21st of March, the Friar reckoned, when the ship filled. Its great boat was overcrowded with struggling men. The Friar told the scene very quietly, hiding his own deeds. (Thereof I had heard but little had not Forde shared his shipwreck, and been now at hand to tell me what he had seen.) He told me how a mother cried for her baby, and its nurse would not give it up to her, unless they would rescue her as well. They struggled into the bay of Lourenço Marques after the ship went down. Then they travelled far. A chief was kind to them when they came into his country. Yet he had little food to give them, and they were many. Then they abode on an island whither traders came for ivory, living in huts that they found empty there, and looking eagerly for the food which that chief had promised them.

The Friar told me that they had burnt their great boat, and so freed her nails for trading with. Otherwise surely they had

never come off as well as they did, lacking food so, and having but five guns and five swords.

Yet when they were on that island, their African friend could send them little food, and they grew very hungry. So at last they started for Sofala, sighting there a hope of safety. They manned both of the boats that the ivory-traders had left behind. And one of the two boats for a while found easy fortune, for it came to the Manisa river. There the crew happened upon a band of ivory-traders. Also they found a friendly village and food enough. Yet they were much delayed ere they found a ship for Mozambique, and many of them died of fever.

Meanwhile Father Nicolas and Forde were in the other boat, which ran ashore in the mouth of the river. Hence they marched away to the north. Very hungry they were at times, and parched, and fever-spent, and worn with marching. "I reckon," said Father Nicolas, "that I helped more than half of them to make a faithful end, and I buried them by the wayside. At last we came to a sacred place indeed—none other than Otongwe." My heart bounded when he said the name, but I said nothing. "It was there that the chief Gamba lived," he went on. "It was there that Father Gonçalo of your valiant

Society had tarried a little while, and Father Fernandes much longer."

"And their work—?" I asked eagerly.

"It is remembered," he said with a sigh. But he would not tell me much more. "If only," he said, "we had the boats to ship Orders or Societies from Europe! Surely if they would but come the once to see, they would be fain to stay for pity of the Wounds of Christ. Listen! After I had preached to the Otongwe folk at sundown, I heard a thunder of drums, and they sang and danced under the stars. They danced much of that night away. Suddenly the chief called me out of my hut, and I stood by him while he pointed to the sky. He said that the teachers were gone, and none were come to fill their places. Some tried to remember the customs of the old teachers, others had forgotten them. But he asked me —"Who can forget those stars to the south there?" I saw the cross that is so manifest, and rejoiced as I heard him.

"It is a sign," he told me. "The sign is high in heaven. No man is so tall that he may take it away." He made me to know how Father Gonçalo had shown him the wood at his girdle, the sign of his God Who died, also how he had charged him to observe the self-same sign written in the sky. "I have remembered," he said; "shall not my people

remember every night that they dance, taking pleasure in youth and joy? Is not the sign clear to their eyes that they should bethink themselves of the Law?"

My heart leapt as he told, but I would not break the flow of his story. He told how they came to Inhambane, that town of river and palm-trees, whose street my master's feet had trodden. Then after that, a Portuguese boat took them to an island where they dwelt with Arabs. Then they went on in another boat, and met with a man of Sofala, who had food for them. And at last they came to the fort of Sofala, and had rest from their weary travel by land and sea. It was not till the Friar had ended, that I questioned him of that which was near my heart. "Heard you aught more of Father Gonçalo?" I asked. "Heard you aught of a servant of his that he brought with him? Was he too remembered?" Father Nicolas reflected—his was an ardent face I thought—the true watch-tower of his soul it seemed. "I had forgotten the servant," he said. "Yea, I remember they told me of a servant with one leg lame, who loved fowl's flesh." Forde, whom I had told long ago of our early wanderings, nudged me.

"They called him," the Dominican said, "by a name they call the chameleon, that laggard traveller." Softly I repeated the name

—half laughing, half crying. I told him how we had come to Gamba's village on that first mission of the Society of Jesus—Father Fernandes lusty-lunged and truculent, da Costa fever-shaken but not one to turn, I myself, though lame, with the light heart of youth. Yet of the Master of us all I would not trust myself to speak. "Alas and Alas!" I said. "If I had but the strength I had then, in those limping, gluttonous days! If one had but again time that one knows better how to use now!"

The Dominican looked at me with real pity in his eyes.

"It is God's Will, brother," he said. "He wills us to be girded and carried whither we would not." And "His Will is our peace, His Will is our peace!"

CHAPTER XI

How I turned back in the Way

THE Dominican told me that he was on the road for Tete. He was appointed to relieve a member of His Order named Dos Santos, who was to go away for his part to the island of Querimba. On the morrow morning, as we sat beneath the Calvary on the Hill of the Five Wounds, I asked him of their journey, how Forde and he had contrived to come to us. The thing seemed to me some sort of miracle, and my eyes would fill with tears, or I would laugh to myself, as I thought about it, I that had been left so long.

He said that they had left Sofala town, and followed the valley of the Sawi northwards. When they had come almost to its source, their guide told them they were in the country named Mudzimirema—"the Spirit is witless." (How it got that title, I can well guess, for a chief killed his cousin with an arrow when they fell out about the land. When he took the land, he was doubtless pricked at heart, and threw the blame on the Spirit of the tribe, who

should have averted such family mischief, therefore he named it in scorn of the power he blamed.) The Friar and my friend came to this place, and after, turned south-westward, their guide directing them, and so he brought them to me. How far had they yet to travel, he wondered.

Then it was that Forde began to beseech me. He would have me go with him, escorting the Father, promising that, if I went, he would endeavour to return by way of mine.

At first I would give him no certain answer, but by the end of a week my mind was set to go. I had an honest hope to go better in my own course, if I should be delivered awhile from my burdens, or at least from certain of them for a breathing space. I had heard so little of my own tongue these many years, I had done the same tasks so often and so many days together, and I had trod the same rounds across marshes and over rocks times and times again. Therefore I took my courage in my hand and went with my friend. We went away on a Monday—a fair Eastertide morning, as I remember. That afternoon we came to the deep sands of the plains, and went heavily. That night we lacked firewood, so treeless the country was, and Forde, being an old soldier, taught us how to use dry cattle dung for fuel. Then we sat round the fire, they two and their three

Africans, and my old freedman from Sena whom I called Austin, and John Atiwagoni and I. Forde went on and on with his tales about England, after we had had our supper. He told me of how a friend of his went about a southern county constructing man-holes in the country houses of the faithful, cloistral cells wherein priests might hide for shelter, priests that feared Him Who is invisible more than anointed Elizabeth. Then he told us how he had served a sort of apprenticeship to this friend. Yet how the news of what happened at Lyford in Berkshire unmanned him. He feared to go further in a trade whereby men's lives were risked so wildly.

"And what happened there?" I asked. Then he told me how his namesake and cousin Forde, the Trinity scholar who loved his Faith too well to stay at College, hid in Lyford House wall. He was there with Father Campion, bravest of the brave surely in our Company of Jesus. At the second search, officers had found them both, sticking not at battering down the wall.

And what of their doom? He demonstrated to me very plainly what sort of agony was theirs upon Tyburn tree, and afterwards under it. My fever-harassed heart sank within me, and my own vitals quivered, yet my spirit rejoiced and my soul magnified God. John Atiwagoni

had caught the gist of what was said about the flesh-mangling, for I had taught him some English words. Eagerly he asked me what it meant, and I told him as well as I might.

"These were men of Christ," he said, "Christ Himself—had he not Five Wounds from us sinners?"

"Tell him," said Forde, when I had interpreted his saying, "to thank God that he lives among heathen, and not among fellow-Christians, who rend one another so." I smiled wryly, but I did not interpret what he said. Atiwagoni began himself to tell us tales of horror, tales such as Makaranga mothers had used to frighten children. He told how barbarians came from west or north, disdaining not the flesh of the men they slaughtered. How the Black Friar's eyes gleamed, as I interpreted some of those tales to him!

"Then are there sudden deaths to dare even here," he said, "a priest need not rot in fever slowly, should God take pity on the work of His Hands?" I told him sober histories so far as I credited them—news of how Kilwa fared, and how Mombasa, also the tale of how Mozambique was kept hungry by the mighty horde. That was only six harvests ago, so John had told me. But John added that a valiant Captain of Tete had headed back some who crossed the river.

"Did they strike one blow?" he said. "One blow ere they broke and scattered? Did not they count the firing of guns for witchcraft? Moreover, a greater band came afterwards. They had passed the river, and had heaped ramparts of earth and rings of bushes. Yet did not that same Captain rout them and chase them? Did not they leave thousands of their dead men, as they fled Mozambique way?"

"Therefore," said I, "the Portuguese have taken their measure. We need not fear them, nor need our people fear them, should we but keep our side of the great river." Atiwagoni shook his head doubtfully. There was a man, he told us, who had prophesied doom, dancing and singing, through the Makaranga country. "Maiwé! Maiwé!" he had cried. "For the people beyond the river are coming. They have no cattle and no gardens, but seek men to kill and eat. Their black pots are empty, and they are very hungry." Even as Atiwagoni spoke, a cry came to us out of the darkness, and a man came running. His limbs shook like grass in the wind, as he told us his story. He had been encamped by the wayside over in the plains yonder, a comrade being with him. Suddenly men had sprung upon them out of the night, tall men with huge ox-hide shields, men with spears and bows and battle-axes as

well. They had caught his comrade, but they had not caught him. He had slipped and shuffled from two of them like a snake, and a great thorn-bush had saved him. One had missed him with a spear, and transfixed his own fellow by misadventure. He thought there were but five of them in all. When the evening star and their fire was high, he had stolen back to the bush again. He had scented much meat, and he had seen what he had seen. It was no goat or deer that they were roasting so hastily, hacking off gobbets with their knives, and gorging as hogs gorged. Forde whistled when he heard the story. He sat brooding a long while.

"Let us watch our camp to-night," he said. With that the Friar fell to his prayers, and we others joined him. When at last, after much praying and watching, I lay down by the fire, I saw that Nicolas was asleep, his rosary between his fingers. Meanwhile he who had lost his comrade kept guard, and Forde sat by the fire still brooding.

Just before I closed my eyes, it seemed to me that Forde came and bent over Atiwagoni, desiring him to rise and watch. It seemed to me that after that two of them went away—he and the half-naked man. But I was too far gone in drowsiness to wonder whither they had gone, or what they were doing. When I

awoke, the light was coming into the east, and the boys had made up the fire. They were chafing their cold feet by it. The Dominican was saying his Mass already with his Christian servant to serve him.

I made haste to say my own, Atiwagoni serving me. When I came back to breakfast, I noticed that the wild man was gone, and remarked on my missing him. Forde told me that he had gone with first light, but said nothing further. It was not till the nightfall that I gathered there was a mystery astir. I heard my boys throw out strange words to one another. But when I spoke to them they would only answer me "Yes," or "No." Then I turned to Forde, and asked him what had befallen those five flesh-eaters. And he told me grimly I had best not ask—the answer would but displease me. So I knew what he and their fugitive had done to them, as they lay glutted with their bloody meal. Forde pleaded that they had laid their humanity by, banqueting in such beastly fashion. Also he had not used our Christians to help him butcher them. One who was a heathen, and had his own quarrel with them, was his only minister. I answered him after I had thought a little. I said that doubtless he was wise in what he had accomplished, as men would count wisdom. Yet had I learned of one who was wiser in the

Gospel than he was, or than haply he would ever be. I was growing old, I said, and was not minded to desert my Master's wisdom, that might last me well now for the little time I had yet left.

Then I besought Father Nicolas' blessing and went out into the night, when I had once received it. My followers went with me, and we were not long over our journey home. Yet alas! I sighed a little for the companionship I had put lightly by.

CHAPTER XII

How the Black Friar was taken

I was not to go to Sena for many a long day. My heart smote me rather sorely for having turned back with so little forbearance. I made my plan to seek another chance to go. The faith and virtue that went out from the Dominican drew me more potently than my love for Forde. I had had recourse to his patient ear in our Church of the Five Wounds, and I promised myself that I would seek him again, should God be pitiful to me.

Before Christmas Father Aleixo was sent to me—a very young man but a burning lover of our sheep, and a devout oblate of Our Lady. So after Easter I felt free to go with John Atiwagoni, taking the same road from which I had once turned back. In course of time we came to Tete, where we found both town and fort in a mighty tumult. For an expedition was even then being sent forth, and the inhabitants expected great things from it. Had not their captain, Pedro de Chaves, stormed the stronghold of the Mumbos and

put Kwisura with all his warriors to the sword ?

I found Forde quartered in the fort. He came out to me with a smile when he saw me coming. "We are off to the wars," he said. "I have signed away my freedom. I go whither I am sent, even as English men of old went crusading. Will you come with me, old friend ?" But I would not hear of it. Yet when Nicolas of the Rosary asked me to mind his church in Tete I agreed ; he thought to be only gone a few weeks crusading. I think my Master would have had me do what I did. They were going to help the Captain of Sena fight with the Mazimba, he having found the odds too great to fight alone.

"And who be these Mazimba ?" I asked.

"Those were Mazimba we killed like gorged swine around their fire," Forde told me. "Before God I am not sorry we made brisk work with them. Listen !" He told me what they had found when they had destroyed other cannibals (Mumbos I think they were)—a fenced yard floored with the skulls of those who had been for meat to them. Then he strolled away whistling to drill his company. He was glad to see me, I verily believe, and he made great haste to get through with his work that afternoon.

"You had best come with us," he told me.

We were sitting under a thatched porch as we had sat of old, and blew our tobacco out of bowls of maize corn. "This is going to be a bloody fight," he said, "if I know anything. There are too many boasters among these Portuguese. There should be work for you among my company, who are half-breeds and slaves, men who have taken the Christian name. Yon Black Friar may have work, and to spare, with the Portuguese. Moreover, he cannot talk Africans' tongue so well as you do. Will you not come and help my men to die?" Strange to say, in the end I came. For when I was doubting what I ought to answer him, there came up the river from Sena another priest who would take charge of Tete, while I went. That next morning we started to cross the river. Then we marched down its northern bank, the way it flows towards the sea. O if my work had but led me the other way, how I would have sought out my Master's relics on the island of my vision! I have been in this land all of a many years, and yet I have not sought them, God knows why, and surely my Master knows. The millet is so very red, and the reapers are few indeed. In front went the Portuguese and certain half-bloods. Father Nicolas of the Rosary had his post given him to march with them. But Forde, with his company of black and brown and

yellow people, followed behind, and I with him.

We had encamped safely night after night, and the Portuguese marched carelessly. They were at last within a few miles of the camp they sought. This was the camp of our Sena friends, and it was pitched on the bank of a confluent stream. Hard by it was the great place of the Mazimba—a place of strong defence and deep trenches.

We had had our Masses in the chill of a winter morning, and afterwards we fed well. They had driven us in some slaughter cattle. I remember what a noise the Africans and half-bloods made, what time the Portuguese marched out of camp. They played on metal keys, they made music with sounding and rattling gourds, also with strings stretched on bows. The sun had mounted high by then, and most of the Portuguese warriors seemed to recline but languidly. They were borne by their slaves in litters or hammocks. Other servants were at hand to carry their arquebuses. Nicolas lagged behind them a little, saying farewell to me. He was not one wont to linger. "Are you even yet sick for home?" he asked me. I nodded, remembering a certain Grove.

"I am sick to see Coimbra again," he told me, "yet why this day of all days?"

Then it was that Forde came up to me, muttering in his beard. "Did you see them go? Did you see them—one and all of them? The sloths cannot carry their own arquebuses to bed with them. The Angels that befriend babes, befriend them! They have eaten breakfast. Shall they not be eaten for dinner? Preach to them, Father mine!"

Nicolas turned to run after the litters. But before he had gone, I besought his blessing. His confession of home-sickness had drawn me very closely to him.

A few minutes after he was gone, John Atiwagoni came to me with a strange question. "Did that Father tear his gown himself?" he asked me. I told him that I had seen no rent in it. "It was like that in our Church of the Five Wounds," he said, "the robe on the image. How was it that you did not see?" I did not know what he meant. Afterwards I learned that he had seen a rent over the Friar's heart. That rent in the black frock recalled to him a rent in Saint Francis' brown one, the rent that showed the Fifth Wound. But I had not seen any rent at all.

Forde moved off at last with his men in goodly order. He shouted stern orders, and would have them march slow with careful scouting. Were we not even now coming into

a treacherous forest place ? In the full languor of the day we marched on and on. I was almost asleep, I had had my night fever-ridden, when scouts came running. " The Mazimba ! " they cried. " They are upon the white men. The white men are all dead or taken ! The two guns are taken. Maiwé ! Maiwé ! The eaters of men ! "

We were coming into a clearing of the forest soon. Alas ! It seemed that we were too late. We could see some running towards us, but they never reached us. Then some of the enemy rushed out of the cover in great force, and shouting discordantly. Forde engaged them at once with his main body, calling his scouts in with sound of horn. They were hurled back—the fierce cloud of spears and shields. But scouts came in one by one wailing " Maiwé ! Maiwé ! Our fathers are gone ! Our friends are gone ! " Sadly and wearily we drew off up the river. We pitched our camp cre long on a ridge, cutting many thorn-boughs and digging a wide trench. Then, while we dug, one of the scouts told me what he had seen. " I saw none alive but the Father in his black gown. Him they bound to a tree." Silently, while others were busy, I took a piece of bread for our journey, and stole back with John Atiwagoni the way we had come. The star that tells cattle-drivers when

to unyoke was almost down, when I saw before us a red glare through the woodland. A scent of roast flesh came down the breeze to me. My foes at least were not far now. But what of my friend ?

CHAPTER XIII

How a Star in its Course fought for Me

We crawled up close to one of their fires, and watched what there was to see. But it was hard for me to watch without retching, and Atiwagoni's face looked livid in the firelight as he watched beside me. At last I stole away into the gloom of the thicket; we were doing no good, watching, so far as I could see. Atiwagoni stole off by himself, and was gone a long while. At last he was back again. "I have seen the Black Father," he said. "He is there, tied beside the third fire. He is pierced with five arrows, but he is not dead yet. Did I not hear him pray 'Jesu,' 'Jesu'? But you, what can you do? There are two hyænas of men munching bones beside him, with their shields and spears by them."

I took my robes that I had brought with me, and began to vest myself. I made all ready to bring the last Sacraments with me. Surely, if the Host should be in peril of the pagans, I

would have time to consume it before they killed me.

"Be silent, my Father," John prayed me. "Haply if you go in your white and make no sound, they will let you by, believing you are a spirit. Yet, if you speak, surely they will have at you with their spears."

I shook my head. An he ask to be shriven, I will shrive him," I answered, "God being my aid."

"Shall I come with you?" he asked me. "I will come if you will."

But I would not hear of his coming. "I am a priest and you are none," I said. "God calls not you but me to go."

"Wait! Wait, my Father!" he besought me. "Wait till they be fuller gorged, and heavy with meat and sleep!"

"Is he not dying?" I answered. "Death waits for none." Then at last he suffered me, guiding me the way I should go, and setting me straight for the tree. I knelt and prayed and went on in the white of my choir robe. I looked neither to right nor to left. It seemed to me that a voice said in my ear—a voice that I knew and loved—"What art Thou, Lord God, and what am I? A vile worm and unprofitable servant."

I went straight up to the black form. He was very near to his death, but he smiled to

see me coming, and whispered in my ear faintly and gaspingly what he had to say, as though he had made it ready. Then I spoke low but clear the words of his release. Even as I spoke, a great flame flared past me and was gone. I twitched and sprang in my poltroonery. Then I grew master of myself again. And out of the silver box I carried, I gave him his Food for the dark journey. Afterwards I annealed him, my fear swallowed up in triumph. He smiled upon me and we kissed farewell. Then, as in a dream, I went back the way I had come, and the darkness swallowed me up.

I woke dazed as one wakes from a dream, with John's arm holding me up, and his voice whispering to me. He led me a long way in the forest as it seemed, and I went lamely with trembling knees and arms shaking. Age had clutched me suddenly that night. At last he would have me rest for a time. "What shall we do?" he asked. "How can you travel to the longbeard who is your friend? Shall we climb the bare hill yonder? Surely we shall see the camp of the Sena men not very far away." Slowly we clambered among granite boulders. I was clumsy, I was so faint. "See!" he said, "the camp is there in the valley. When you have rested, let us go thither! It is not far now." He stole

down to the brook below and fetched me water. He wanted to praise me for what I had done, but I asked him to praise God. It was His errand to the dying I had gone that night, and He had used me as He might have used a better messenger. As it was, there had been no choice of priests there. As it was, God had made shift with me. "Was it a spear?" I asked—"the light that flamed by me. I jumped and winced as a woman, it came so suddenly."

"A spear?" he asked me. "Nay, a star rushed out of Heaven. I have not seen the like all my life. So near it was to earth, it seemed to go by your face. Did I not see those two man-eaters? They had grasped their spears, and watched, when you first came. Then, when they heard your voice, one nudged the other, and he made ready to throw. Then came the star by, as though it would scorch their faces, and they fell before it. Then they knelt up, those heathen, even like Christians praying, to see you make an end."

I wondered as I listened. "Come," he said, "drink up your calabash of water. Let us be speedy, and seek friends yonder!"

Soon we were challenged, and almost shot, by a sleepy arquebusier. But I grew voluble in Portuguese, and at last he let us by. I asked to see the Captain of Sena—André de

Santiago, and two, that were called by the sentry, brought us to him. I told him tidings of Tete's calamity, when he was fully aroused, but he seemed slow to believe me. Yet before so very long my words were to be proven true. A drum was heard thudding on the hill, just before the sun rose. It was no Kaffir drum, but one they had taken from our slaughtered forces. Soon, over the hill, came the Mazimba dancing and yelling. As it seemed, a Black Friar led them on, and my heart leapt in my breast. But it was not my new Saint Edmund that came. It was Tondo the headman; they had stripped his robe from the newly dead. One beside him carried the head of Tete's Captain on a spear-point. So his own eyes told the Captain what had befallen his brother Captain. He bade fire on those cruel foes with such pieces of artillery as he had. He had but the two small cannon, one of brass and one of iron, that he had brought far, hoping so to make sure of victory. Yet they were too small for the work in hand now, and the Mazimba mocked from their height as the balls fell short on the hillside.

Meanwhile many danced, and made horrid play, showing us halves and quarters of joints of human flesh. Surely it was their hunger for their breakfast that drew them away from us so swiftly. Our Captain and his men looked

at one another with pale faces. The Makaranga and the Watonga and the Arabs they knew of old. But who were these Mazimba that seemed to come from some other world? Passionately I seized that hour Our Lord had given me. I prayed them to receive the Sacraments. Were they not men with Death's own wings black above them? How they flocked to me hour after hour! The sun was almost over us ere my Mass was done. The Captain would not await siege in his camp. Doubtless he feared the numbers of those man-leopards swarming in the woodlands around us. That night he moved off on his way towards the river. But his fate met him in the way. Our men fought well against those anthropophagi. Yet lost they many, and both their cannons. André de Santiago was among the slain, so another led all that were left of us home to Sena. I am glad I went to that war, I found so much work to do there. Meseems fruits of defeat may be richer than fruits of victory.

CHAPTER XIV

Our Lady's Vigil

I WENT back to Tete by boat, when one was going, but that was not very soon. Gloom hung over the place now, as it had hung over Sena. The two Captains were no more, and they had taken six score of their fellow-countrymen to bear them company. Nicolas, a light that burnt and shone, had been quenched by the night of Africa. Nay, what am I saying? His star has gone by on a track of glory, as that star went on the night of his passion. Surely it is in the Right Hand of Him that carries stars.

Yet is our loss great here. We have lost so many. King Sebastian is dead in Moorish battle, he and the flower of a great host. Africa has swallowed men great and small, both in north and south. Men's hearts here seem to fail them for fear, and for looking for those things that come upon our land. Tete was a town of sorrow. Forde was busy in the fort there, drilling and repairing. "There is a new Captain at Mozambique now," he told me.

"For de Sousa has come and de Brito gone. They say he means staking a throw—another of these river wars. Saint George be my aid, this shall be the last of my wars, should I see it through. Afterwards should I come through safe, I would seek you out, and be your minister as you were Dom Gonçalo's. Man, you are aged, and need a minister. You have been too long in Africa." His eyes were true and tender. He seemed ever so much more knit to me than of old, he had heard how I had befriended the Black Friar, whom he had loved so well. He showed me a letter that he had found waiting for him. A boat from Sofala had brought it to hand. It was from Oxford, he said, from the uncle he had left there. "There is a new Fellow in the College," it told me, "one John Wood—the parson's son from Much Waltham in Essex. His father is like to be a Bishop, they say, should the Puritans not keep him from his due." "That will be George Wood," I thought. "And that will be his son who bears my name." I handed the letter back to Forde, when I had finished reading. I told him how it was George Wood's business that helped me from Trinity. How I had scaled the wall on George Wood's behalf, how I had fallen at our Founder's feet, and fled from our Founder's face.

He smiled. "I have heard the tale of old,"

he said. "It was not forgotten a many years after."

I sighed. "The old generation is passed away or passing," I said. "God bless George Wood and any son of his; did he not set me in the way of Africa?"

"Then thank him for nothing!" Dick Forde said rather testily, as he folded the letter up. "Why did we ever come hither, you and I?"

"Our Lord God knows very well," I answered.

We made a night of it that September night. Were not John and I going on our journey when the sun should rise?

We walked much in the grove beside the river as the sun went down—trees were flowering, crimson and white and gold for spring. The wilding bushes of the woodlands beyond us were flashing blood-red and bronze and rose and purple colours. Out of the thicket doves called. Grey hawks hovered in the blue of heaven, and stooped from it. Were they not foraging for this year's nestlings now. A line out of that book Dick had sent me sang in my head, the strange book that an African may have written long ago. It rose to my lips as I stood watching the water flash between the tree trunks. "Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!"

We had been so busy with war of late in our converse that we had spoken little of our books. "A hearty burthen for spring!" he said. "The earth, even the African earth, thrills again with the loves of Our Lady Venus. Why were we not both born pagans to keep Spring's Vigil to-night?"

"Hear him, Saint Michael!" I said passionately. "It is *Our* Lady's own Birthday to-morrow, and you may serve her Mass for me. What more do you want——

"'Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!'"

We went into the priest's house and had supper, John serving us. Then we sat and smoked our tobacco under the stars. Suddenly drums on the hill above began to thunder, and voices to frolic in shout and song.

"They are my fellows in our camp," he told me. "They are dancing with their true loves—the dances of Spring. Let us climb and see them!"

So we went up the hill for a while and watched them for a while. There was gladness in the scene and grief too—grief for old years of mine! "Let me speak to them," I prayed him.

He nodded and I went among the crowd, besecching moments of silence. Then I said to them much of what my Master had said in the old Otongwe kraal the year we first came

to Africa. I told them how my Master had come out to us that night, when the drums rumbled joy under the stars, beating like the hearts of boys and girls who danced to them. I told these Africans of the camp how I was a boy then—a boy that had gone to be a soldier. And I told them how I was tempted of the devil when I first came to Africa and heard the drums by night, thundering under the moon. Yet on my spirit wisdom dropped, like the night-dew, even when my body was parched in drouth and madness. I would have them remember their Maker in the nights of their youth as well as its days. "See the sign my wise Master showed us!" I said. I pointed to the cross in the southern sky. "Behold the sign of Him that bled for me!" I held up my Crucifix, showing them what my meaning was. "Remember," I cried; "the Sign is set above the night dancers. Remember, I beseech you—when the blood is hot and high—the Blood that was shed."

Then I spoke to them of the morrow's feast. I would have them dance and jubilate on this its vigil in honour of her that is all men's mother, the Home of Gold, the Tower of Ivory, the Star of Cock-Crow in Africa's watch before the dawn.

Many of them danced about me, and wailed a "Maiwé!" when they heard how I went on the morrow.

Would not all they that were Christians come to hear their Mother's Mass to-morrow? Would not they be there with their Captain to fire their firelocks for me, not once nor twice in salvo of farewell?

At last we went down the hill again on our way towards the river. Dick spoke something of his heart to me as we went between the palm-trees. "You that know Africa," he said, "know you not aught of what I feel these starry dance-nights? Does not *my* heart beat with the drums? Have I not left Jehovah and gone a-whoring in groves, and under green trees, and on high places, God knows how many a night?" He sighed, and I was silent. "Have you read that other book I sent you," he went on to say. That is I myself—Lucius of Madaura. Am I not myself one who has played with witchcraft, and grown black with Magic? For one in Thessaly read one bewitched in Africa!" He spoke miserably.

"But did you read the book to its end?" I asked him. "How the beast, that was once man, desired to be man again, and ate roses. How he came to his own again in some sort, and, seeking with a sore heart, found balm of Heaven's pity? Read you as far as that?"

He laughed in scorn. "He was a gross beast," he said. "I read more of Hell than Heaven into his story."

But I would not have it so. "If the flesh was weak," I said, "the spirit strove to aspire. With the burden of Brother Ass upon him, he found many cudgels. So he trod his way of purgation. Then came illumination in some sort when Brother Ass laid his weary bones down on the sand of the sea-shore. Did he not see the moon over the water, and dip him seven times? And as for union—he missed it being a pagan—yet did he nobly aspire unto it when those votive roses had released him. He sought initiation into what he, poor unchristened sinner, deemed heavenly mysteries, sought it by way of frugality in food and chastity of life. Have it my way, I do beseech you, this heathen parable! Is it not conserved haply all these hundreds of years after Lucius Apuleius wrote it, that you and I and all sad beaten Christians may take heart?"

We sat and blew tobacco a full two hours longer. He gave me his promise to come to me, if it might be, before the year should be out. The moon was clear over us when I rubbed my eyes and arose. The drums were yet beating boisterously. The air was sweet with that small thorn flower wont to blow in Spring. Over in the thicket behind us, a bird sang and sang again. It was the bird that sings so like an English nightingale, but only a snatch, and not finished melody, as if it

knew not how to put through what it undertakes.

"Let us say our night prayers!" I pleaded. "Is this not the vigil of her birthday who is Queen of Heaven?" Then I started her Litany—her Litany of Earth's Second Spring; I prayed for those I had taught that they might seek her Son in His Sacraments, and so keep the purity she loves. Also I prayed for others that they might learn of her purity, having never learned as yet. And after each strophe of my prayers I heard my friend's deep voice rolling out its refrain—"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet!"

BOOK III

CHAPTER XV

Initiation

It was with a glad heart that I came home again. Shadows of wars were dark over our land, as it seemed to me. The Mazimba were a great people ; their bands might break across the river at any time or to any place, should God in Whose Hands we were, suffer them. Even as we travelled our home path we heard tales of slaughter. Here a band had passed, and there too ; they had left few to tell tales to us.

When I was at home at last, our own people came to me in terror, and Father Aleixo in perplexity. Nevertheless I was able to hearten them with words of comfort.

There were many to be baptized that Christmas, should God spare us, they told me. For a number of boys and girls, with elders not a few, had come to us. The villages were moving, they told me, and their headmen were dispersed. Many would fain put themselves in our hands, having learned to trust us a little.

I went up to the hill-Chapel of Saint Michael to spread my news before my Master. Yet surely it was no news to him. And yet I think he was glad to have it from my lips. I said "Master, have you heard how many there are that come to the Water and beseech the Spirit? Is not our promise coming true? — The promise we of old rehearsed as we came on the road from Masapa, and forded that deep stream, joining hands—the promise out of the pilgrim psalm—the psalm of the rivers in the South—'He that goeth on his way weeping and bearing forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him.' Are we not carrying our harvest?" After Christmas I went on my road again, and John went with me. We steered a straight course by the Southern Cross I noted, on nights that we were travelling. After that, we bore away to eastward. And at last we came on a sultry noonday to the place I sought. We had seen a strange shaped hill before us all those last miles of our way.

To the right of it, in the valley, we found an orb of walls nobly planned in granite flakes, huge alike in girth and height and span. As we came near to them I remember that we found a spring issuing clear and bright; I stayed to quench my thirst at it. Then we thridded our path between walls some part ruined, and

took our rest beneath the broken shaft of a tower.

Afterwards we climbed that uncouth hill above, and I rejoiced to see how strong a place it was. Here assuredly women and children of ours might be safe, should the wars come our way. I had planned my journey to see these walls, whose fame had reached me. Truly the half of the strength of both temple and hill-fortress had not been told me, or I had not understood aright. I saw that men had used the rocks that peaked and jutted from the hillside, piling their own granite flakes to make strength doubly strong where their foes might hope to climb and come over.

"See!" said Atiwagoni, as we scanned the valley from the height. "There, they who lived here of old would make their gardens. Doubtless those terraces are the tilths of long ago." But when we went down again and built our night fire under the broken tower, he shook his head over my plan to come and dwell there.

"It is no good," he sighed. "Which of our people, do you think, would want to move hither? They have heard the story of the men who died here, have they not? Were they not many? Did not the folk of our country poison the waters, so that they who lived in these stone houses died?" For all I could say, he would hold me out no hope that our people would

follow me, should I come here as to a city of refuge.

That night, after he was asleep, I watched the moon rise. I prayed lustily to Our Lady and to Saint Michael. Was there not a cause? The place grew very bright around me with very black shadows. I saw as it were the splintered spear of the tower threatening me. Also meseemed the stone fingers men had fixed on the walls above me, threatened me. A bird, that was carved in stone, brooded in gloom over me. But the moon endured as Heaven's faithful witness, and I cried aloud to her whom she images forth. "Mother me who tarry on earth so motherless, Mater Immaculata, Mater Intemerata, Mater Amabilis!" Even as I prayed, a voice seemed to make answer in ears of mine—"You that teach others, teach yourself!" Then I remembered how I had commended the story of the African of Madaura to my friend. Had I taken it to my own wayward heart?

I had taken many stains from Africa. Fever of soul had kindled my working hours too seldom, my brooding hours too often.

I slipped the phial from my breast. I signed myself with holy water, I prayed for succour, then and in the hour of my death. Before me the crescent moon (it was her last quarter) burnt snow-white—as it were a lamp

of the Sanctuary, a lamp before Our Lady's ascended presence.

It seemed to me that in that hour I was granted visionary wisdom. The philosophy I had pondered for years lay unravelled before me. Of yore I had seen but glints and flashes. Now at last much was clear, and would remain clear assuredly. "Not by might nor by power but by My Spirit." With those words in my ears, I slept at last. Comfort of the Comforter was my own.

I climbed the hill on the morn that followed. I was in time to see the sun rise. It was the height of summer still. I watched early rays striking the temple's brow to east, where the mighty chevron work adorned it. Beyond were hills how blue!

Then I went down to that clear spring and blessed it, laving my own brow in it. I had had little sleep those long night hours. I was not long in going to my altar-stone. John had set it for me under the tower, grey and ominous still, but bright with gold. Full in the Day's Eye I hailed the Day-Spring. Over my pale vision of the night streamed splendour of sunshine, as I raised the Sacrifice. Here in the self-same place where haply men had worshipped the Lord of Fire and Summer, I gathered out the gold from all dross of their offering. "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam." I

had not understood that motto when I saw it at Binsey. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It was the motto of our Company, of my Master's and mine. I understood it better now. Yet was there much more to learn. Was there ever a truer word than David's written of my poor life? "Before I was troubled, I went wrong." I saw that what we had lost, my betters and I, so often in insatiate Africa, was not worth the keeping, and that this way of ours in Africa, whether we win or lose, proves and will prove the way of God's Greater Glory—a way that is made one with Him who said "I am the Way." And I vowed that for such time as should remain of my wayfaring and pilgrimage, I would cherish all ways whether over rocks or deep sand, or black marsh or stump-sown woodland, as the intimate shrines of Our Lord. And I think that, cherishing them so in love, I have had my weariness abated for me, on many long days and nights of foot-travelling.

CHAPTER XVI

My Master's Benefactor

When we came home that time, the windows of heaven opened. We had great rains and a river rose in wrath against us. Atiwagoni took me to a village among the rocks. There the people were gracious to us, promising shelter to us till such times as we might cross. On the third night the water was running down fast, so we thought to cross by morning light. I sat by the fire after supper, in the hut alone. But John went forth to seek a fire without, where some of his friends were forgathering. There was green maize-corn already in the gardens, for the year was an early one, and they were roasting the ears at the blaze.

He came back to me after an hour, and spread my mat for me, while I sat yet blowing my tobacco. Then he said with a grave face, "Is it never good to kill a man?" I did not make haste to answer him, and soon he told me his tale. It concerned the next village. They had buried a man alive there, he had heard—a stranger deeply stricken with leprosy. His

face almost was devoured, they said. "It is a custom of our people," he pleaded, but he owned to heart-searchings as to its cruelty. Instantly I rose. "Oh my Father," he laughed with his mouth wide. "Why did I tell you to-night, and not in the morning? Why did I grudge you your sleep?"

"Because you are a Christian and no heathen," I said, whilst I buckled on my sandals. "Verily I must go with you," he sighed, yawning wearily, howbeit the smile had not gone out of his eyes. So we went the way of a great village, leaving the hospitality of that little one. It was among those hills which we had left behind us. The moon was bright, yet my comrade carried fire with him. When we drew near to that village, he kindled a turf of grass. Grass-torch after grass-torch he kindled, never letting his light out as he searched the ground for footprints. "It was only at sundown they took him to the cave," he said. Soon he slipped forward, as a hound on the scent. We began to clamber among the rocks and I struck my foot, and slipped once and again. He stopped in perplexity, peering about. Then he rushed straight forward. We came to a wall. What seemed a wall of rock under the shadows of night was but newly built of small stones, and plastered roughly. "Listen!" he said. We could hear

a man groaning now and then. "He is not dead, as you may hear," he told me. "Maiwé! They have left him air to breathe and time to remember his sins, ere the hunger kill him who is weak already."

"Let us make speed," I said, as I began to lift the stones away. Soon a breach was yawning, and he that was within lifted up his voice and howled through it, howled like a dog at us. Before that he had spared his breath, as one who spoke without much hope of audience, to stones that are hard of hearing. When we had made the breach wider, Atiwagoni called to him. "Uncle mine, we have come far to help you. Come out and come quickly!" There was a sound of scuffling, and the dislodging of stones. At last, as it were a very old man came up into the moonlight. He was wrapped in a ragged blanket. It seemed to me that I had read of a like scene before. Then I remembered. Surely Lazarus coming from his grave looked much like this man, or Samuel wrapped in his mantle, if the wise woman of Endor told the truth. "Can you walk?" I said to him. Though he could walk, his feet being free from leprosy, he stumbled but lamely. We were at a loss what to do. Then my comrade cried out in his joy. He had seen a bark-and-pole litter. He scrambled over the rocks to bring it. Clearly they had carried him to

this grave of his, then casting it away. On it we bore him now. As we were making ready Atiwagoni kindled a last torch, and held it to the leper's face. It seemed to be no sweet sight. "Maiwé! Maiwé!" he cried in deprecation.

We two carried the leper between us. But I at least strained beneath our burden. "We must not leave him near those cruel men, lest they find him in the morning," Atiwagoni had told me. At last after carrying him far, we found a little watch-house in a garden. We were not a mile from our lodging there. We laid him in that garden-house, fetching him food. Also we brought our own blankets and camped close by.

Then in the morning when we had finished our Service and broken fast, we bore him by the ford across the river. "Would not the villagers help us?" I asked. But Atiwagoni told me they would shrink from such living death, and so they did. We two bore him across, and a mile beyond. Then said Atiwagoni, "Let me run to our home, and ask many to be our helpers." So I waited with my charge. The sun had mounted high, and I knelt saying an Office. That ended, I knelt on. Then it was that the vision of my Master came to me, clear as ever I had beheld it. His face was full of gladness as he spoke to me. "Keep

him that is committed to you," he said. "There was never any did me such service as he did. Feed him and tend him, I pray you, also see that you convert him for Christ's sake, if the spirit be not denied. Also when he can understand. I would have you tell him how I have never prayed for any as I have prayed for him, my benefactor."

As I came out of my trance, I found a chorus of Christians shouting about me. Many had followed Atiwagoni, and were come to our aid. They were glad to welcome me, yet they gave my charge but a shuddering welcome. But Atiwagoni besought them bravely and tenderly, and soon eight or ten offered themselves as bearers.

So we brought the leper home, and made a shelter for him. He did not die till a full week after Easter Even, the day I baptized him by the name of Gonçalo, which was the name he craved himself. I think that he died as well as a man might hope to die who had lived as he had. Doubtless my master, Blessed Gonçalo, did him noble service as his end drew near.

It was not long after we brought him home that it was revealed to me who he was. I told Atiwagoni what report I had had of him in the vision my Master vouchsafed to me, God being

merciful. He listened thoughtfully. "Who may this benefactor of my Master be?" I asked, "know you aught of him?" Atiwagoni replied he had heard what the people had said, that night we went to seek him. He was a stranger who had come their way with Arabs that traded. Then his visitation had come upon him. So those Arabs left him to the mercies of the heathen, far from his own kindred, when they themselves went away. "What could they do?" said John Atiwagoni. "How was he to travel with them?"

I would have him go to ask where the sufferer's own home was once. "I think he is of my own people," John Atiwagoni said. "I think I have heard his voice long ago. But how should one know a man with half his face gone?"

After a little while he came back and told me. "He is from my own village—from the great place of our prince in Chidima. He is Mocrume that called himself "the friend of the Father," the same cruel man who drew the cord about our Father's neck." Then I understood why the Father had spoken of him to me as his benefactor.

Many who had known the Father, showed much kindness to that stricken leper. I taught them how well they might please the Father

by so doing. As for myself I had never felt my Master so near me, day after day, and night after night, since his departure, as he was those days and nights while yet the leper stayed.

CHAPTER XVII

The Vow of Saint Michael

It was Corpus Christi Day and we had dressed our church with many roses. Long ago had we planted roses in our wilderness. Father Bernabe had brought slips of them with him, being what he was, a wise and loving gardener.

Many had come as guests to the Feast of God for the first time on that calm winter morning. I devised a banquet and English games, after we had come out of church. So we went to the Hill of the Five Wounds, and climbed up it. On its crest stood a Rood that Father Alvaro carved full seven years ago. It was already five years since he had been put to bed beneath it. From the place where he lies buried, you can see a great way between the acacia trees. "See," said Thiago who had climbed with me, "there is a fire coming with the wind. Look how fast it travels!" The new-risen wind blew from the south-east now. Flames and clouds of smoke came before it. The grass grew richly before the invader now, you could hear the roar of his coming. We feared for our

village, that was right in the fire's track. There were five or six who made speed back with me, that we might burn a ring about it. We were caught by surprise. It was so early in the year for fires now, yet the grass was dead-ripe. We made haste to burn our ring, and took branches in hand to beat out the flames. The great blaze was coming over the ridge now, and the thorn-bushes went up, one by one, in crackling fury. "Behold! Men run before the fire!" Thiago cried to me again. And indeed two men, black and white, were running towards me. I knew Forde again, and when I looked hard I knew the sergeant of his troop again, his troop of African spears. They were ragged and lean with fast travel. Forde's breeches hung in strips about his shins, that were pitted and scarred. He had had his share of torment from the ripe grass—whose seeds have needle-points or barbs in Africa. I gave them both true welcome. Yet little was said, we were fighting so hard with the fire then. And who was to know which way the fight would go? But at last we fought through somehow. When the rush of flame was once beaten down or gone by, we went back to our feast on the hill, and our guests went with us. Soon after we had dined, Forde poured out to me his tale. Meanwhile that black soldier told much the same tale to John Atiwagoni. I saw the boys

crowd up to listen like startled hares. "Maiwé! Maiwé!" came to me ever and again. They were beginning to understand what horror and fear menaced them. "Maiwé! Maiwé!" They heard how the Mazimba came slaying men and hungry for flesh. They came, and Death came with them. This was Dick's record of the last war on Zambesi bank so far as I remember it. "We had no less than two hundred men of Europe, and fifteen hundred men of Africa. We had guns, and you had said we had been able to eat the Mazimba alive. But they want none to teach them their business, these Portuguese, as I know thrice over now. The Captain of Mozambique brought his guns and his host up to meet with us at Sena. So we went over the river to beat Tondo, whose bands had beaten our Captains. You know where the place is. Men showed me that tree you wot of whither you went to minister. Their great place was but a mile beyond it. We never thought to find it so fenced and trenched as it was. Then our Captain called me and others to a council. It was decided there to breach the place with artillery. But that plan miscarried. Then we put our ranks in array and went to storm it. But they beat us, Jack. Like the devil's musters in hell they poured burning fat and boiling water upon us, they pierced us with

spears, they riddled us with arrows. At last we withdrew, having left them not a few to serve for rations. We tried again, and I thought we might have won, but we have the curse of Africa upon us, doubt it not. When one plague had done with Pharaoh, in Africa, there were nine to follow, say I not true ?

Doubtless for my sins I lost, but lose did we all. We were set to work making earthworks in frames. On them we thought to mount our guns high. Thus we would clear those walls of their cruel defenders, whilst our men charged and breached them. And then, would you credit it ? My Africans would not stay. They fled for their villages. Did not they fear with just reason ? No doubt, but the pity of it—for them to go and us to lose ! We went homeward then, and the Mazimba pierced our ranks, and broke us going. It is the old tale."

That sundown, before we went down the hill again, I showed him our chapel of Saint Michael, that was built high upon the granite. 'Twas wattle-built, yet well built, grass-thatched, yet trimly thatched. Within was the image of Saint Michael that Father Alvaro had carved for us. It was cut from the trunk of that tree our people make drums with, the tree with winter flowers of crimson. A Makaranga blacksmith had cased it for us in shining armour. He had also fashioned scales for the

left hand, and a spear for the right. Suddenly before that image my friend louted upon his knees. There and then he vowed a vow before it. He vowed himself to make war against God's enemies on our behalf for a year and a day, giving his services as I should desire them. Moreover, he rendered thanks to Saint Michael and to Saint Michael's Betters, for having preserved him thus far.

The Tete Christian, who had followed his master into the chapel, took pattern by him in true African fashion. He knelt devoutly the way he had seen his master kneel. He made brave endeavour to say what he had heard his master say, having learned at school a few words of Latin.

Not unthankfully, but in God's Name, I accepted both their gifts. Who was I to refuse such service as Saint George had rendered of old, or any other of the Seven Champions.

But I knew that a new burden was laid upon me—to guide that zeal of theirs—and to bring it into obedience. How could I make light of such a task—I that had knowledge of my Master, not to speak of my Master's Master ?

CHAPTER XVIII

A Sixth Wound

THAT night I told my friend of that hill-fortress, how strong it was. He glowed and exulted.

"Then our wars need cost but little blood," he said. "Take that to you for comfort. With such a stronghold to flee into, we may come through lightly. But to save folk in these villages here, may ask many lives ere we be done, and when all is done, think you such enemies will be denied?

So I said, "Let us go with my heart; if the people will come." But there were only John and two or three more who said they would follow. As for the rest, Forde pitied as well as scorned them. They feared to go to that place, we could see, they were so new come out of the shadows of their fathers' fears. And the place had been named a place of peril from generation to generation.

"There are other stone walls," one of them said. "There are walls that have not been built so many years. Let us go towards the setting sun, and dwell beside them!" So when

they had promised me that I should not make the journey in vain, for they would not balk me of my promise, Forde and I set forth to seek a better place. We went to west and south full six days' journey, and one of our people was our guide. He said that he was for showing us a place set on high with walls of defence. Therein we might laugh at our enemies.

"My father's father was a boy when they were yet building," he told me, as we walked around. We traversed the wide spread of them, then we climbed up on them. We paced up and down as on a terrace-walk amid flowers and grass that had sprung there, sweeping our eyes this way and that over the rolling plains. Dick allowed that it was a goodly place to defend. Yet he sighed over the memory of that hill-fortress. If only our people would have gone thither!

As we sat over our camp-fire that night, quaffing smoke from our bowls, we listened to the Africans, who cooked their food beside us.

"Do you hear that?" I cried. "They say that there is another walled place, but two days' journey from this one."

"Let us go to see it then," he said. Then he muttered into his beard. "It were well to have another city of refuge. The Hebrews

kept six, did they not?" I recalled to him that theirs were sanctuaries scattered over the land, and not citadels to stand sieges, so far as I knew. He smiled at the thought of men claiming sanctuary from the Mazimba. "Surely they would take a priest from his altar and break their fast off him," he said.

"Yet," I told him, "one of the Mazimba that was left for dead, repented, so the story goes."

"In faith an old wives' story," he sniffed. "Are the Mazimba men then, and not really beasts?" But I would have it they were men, and set my battle in order against him.

"Well, have it so, if you will," he said at last. "I grant you that I, if I were of their tribe and wandered over Africa—having neither garden to till nor cattle to tend, might lust for strange flesh myself, like a hog kept hungry."

It was after two more days' travel that we found those other walls. They rose beside a river, and the place was easy to defend, it seemed to us. So we came home with stout enough hearts, knowing whither in the world we might turn, should we be pressed.

On the last day, as we were coming within sight of our villages, I remember saying over to Dick certain lines of Theocritus, some time an exile in Africa. The lines were from his XVth Idyl where he speaks of the men of Mars,

and the troubling of his island. Great was his hope of Hiero as of one who should make stern war, and so bring golden peace to a country hapless and beloved. I said, "Be our Hiero"! Go not to make war, but go to repulse war, even as Saint Edmund did!" He laughed at the name I had cited.

"Unlucky in war!" he cried. "A luckier-in-war is my Patron. Saint Edmund for you, but Saint George for me! I would not cross Zambesi river to seek our dragon. Yet would I go out to make war, should he come breathing fire at yonder villages, seeking from them young and tender flesh."

"Hearken!" I said. They were threshing out their millet, and they thudded their sticks in time to a Makaranga glee. It was a scoffing summons to drive back the head of cattle. She that had been paid for, would have another now for her groom.

"They are as Theocritus' own folk," I said. "Joyous folk and lovers of song. Nay, are they not too as Gospel folk taking little thought for food, and less for raiment? God save them from the coming of the men of Mars!!!" So I praised them. But alas! As I came to our door, Father Aleixo met me with a sad face. He told me how in the last week there had been every day wild revelry. Men had drunk deep of the millet-brew. Women had

brewed it for many days, so that it stung like a serpent. Some had fought, there had been heads broken, one had been left for dead, but he was mending now. That night I preached from a great rock that stood by the village, when the sun was set. On the morrow morning of Sunday, I preached many like words in the church, only fiercer and more tender words. I spoke of the hungry years, when the people had been hungry and sad. There had been little in their bins. I said, "This is no hungry year. God has given you more yield than I have ever known—through all my years in Africa. How have you rendered thanks to God?

"You have given His Son as it were a Sixth Wound. Were not Five Wounds enough for us sinners to give Him? We people, who call ourselves the people of the Five Wounds, why do we make our name a name of folly? Why would we turn Five Wounds into Six?"

Then I turned to a boy whom I had baptized at Easter—a boy who had been brought up by an Arab. When his master had died, he had run to us for shelter. "Ask him," I prayed them. "Ask him if the Arabs keep their custom. From father to son they are no drunkards. Yet we—we that have the custom of love laid upon us by Christ Whom we wounded? What do we but drive our spears deeper into His Side, not abiding by His

custom ? Therefore are not we much worse than Arabs in this folly that we do ? "

When I cried to them with beseeching tears to repent—how sweet and tender of heart seemed some, and how soured others ! My pride began to whisper in my ears with bitter lips. " To what end hast thou wasted thy strength and laboured in vain all these lonely years ? " But I told that trouble to my Master, and also to Saint Michael. I sought to chase my own accidie, bethinking me of the triumph of the Saints.

And I said over to myself the tale of my own default, lest I should judge those that my Master had trusted me to feed and tend after him. Moreover I said over to myself the prayer of a certain Saint, that became my Master's prayer after him—" What art thou, gracious Lord ? And what am I—a vile worm and an unprofitable servant ? "

CHAPTER XIX

Rus Divinum

A RUNNER brought news from the gates that the Mazimba were upon us. It was Caiado that sent him, grown an old man now. He told me that the chief victorious, Tondo they called him, had made peace with the Portuguese. He was for letting them alone, if they would let him alone. But as to the native-born this terrible warrior had made no promises. "Therefore," wrote Caiado, "you court great peril, if you stay among Africans so far away. When the Mazimba come to kill and eat in the country (they are a hungry people), what will you do? When they make a full meal, will one or two white mouthfuls be regarded? Come to us at the Gates, and come quickly, I entreat you, remembering the days of old."

I showed his letter to Forde, who looked into my eyes and smiled. "He is a courtier with heart and conscience," Forde allowed. "Did he think to move you, he who knows you? He no more thought to move you than he thinks

to make these cannibals love milk. But he appeases conscience by spilling ink so."

This was a sorry end to a lusty threshing-season that we should carry the grain to a new home. But I feared delays for our people. Moreover I knew our people, how some are wont to love delays. So I chose a day to go myself. Then said Forde, whom they called Bangaguru from the great sword he wore, "That is my day to go also." I pleaded with many to come with us. I said that it were best to come to our new home before the rains came. Moreover it seemed to me that time pressed, and cut us short. Now that millet was once reaped and threshed and winnowed, it was harvest-home in the villages. Any day now might not a roving band swoop between us and our place of refuge? Then how should we do? But most of our folk made answer to me—"Let us stay—whether to live or to die, in the place that we love! Here it is that we have made new gardens, and pitched stakes for our cattle-fences, here it is that we have dug graves to bury our dead." And one said to me, "Surely you, our father, will come to see us again by the Will of God. If we be left alive, and peace restored, surely you will come and not stay afar. But if we are to die, let us die here, in the place that you have taught us to love!" My heart smote me as I pleaded,

they were so very loth to go. "Anyhow," I declared, "I will do the Will of God, so far as I understand it. Suffer me to depart in peace on the Feast of Our Lady—assumed to Heaven on high! And let those who will, go with me, putting themselves into the Hand of God!"

That last week I was busy at my priest's work, and scores of them came to be shriven. On the morning of the Feast a concourse came to feast with me. They had made the Altar very gay. Branches of trees were now coming into full blood-red flower, or into snow-white blossom like plum-blossom at home in Essex. That day they drummed and danced, they roasted goats' flesh and made merry. Moreover they granted nobly and courteously the petition I had made to them. I had asked them to put by the brewing of strong beer as a bane of theirs. Were they not folk like enough to die soon, and loth to die out of good-will and grace?

Ever and anon that day, boys shouted and women shrilled the new burthen we had fashioned for Our Lady, not disdaining that pagans' hymn of old:

> "O, grant lack-loves—love's attaining!
> O, bid lovers love regain!"

They had stacked logs and brushwood under the Hill of the Five Wounds. As night fell

we kindled it. Then among the mighty boulders, hard by where that fire was laid, I led on a certain pageant that I had long prepared. The words of it were Chikaranga words that I had fashioned, remembering English words my mother taught me.

Long ago in Banbury, the year before she died, I had seen a like pageant. I remember how it moved tears in her eyes, and wonder and joy and courage in my own boy's heart. Also, how in the winter that followed, she would teach me the words of that morality out of a book one had lent her, and how she and I would take parts in them, and answer one another. Now on the scene among the rocks came Everyman, who was John Atiwagoni, wanton and making sport with his fellows. And to him came Death with plumes of the war and beads of the war-dance, his ox-hide shield and spear had been won from the Mazimba in Bangaguru's campaigning. Then was Everyman given the summons which none on earth must disobey. And lo! his friends melted away from him. Goods-and-gear hurried off with his cattle. Uncle and cousin were far too busy with pots of beer to bear him company. Then at last Good-Living ran to him like a loyal friend to comfort his loneliness and foreboding. She took him by the way of confession to seek Balm—Balm to speed him

on his journey through the night. So he came beside a grave yawning black and friendless. There Five-Wits and Strength and Beauty scattered from him, like the untrue comrades that they were. And at the end, ere Everyman went down into the silence, even I that was the priest must stand by, and even his true wife that had kept with him so long, must come no further. "Maiwé! Maiwé!" cried the onlookers. The women rapped their cheeks and keened. It seemed that the scene struck sharp at their very hearts.

Yet even as he went down into darkness, a band of children danced about the pit, and sang "Arreruya!" They had come running with grass torches, clothed in their chrisom robes.

Above that grave were three rocks in the gloom. But when the white-robed dancers came, having kindled their torches at the fires, lo on the rocks three glorious images! These were none other than Saint Michael the Warrior, and Our Lady of Good Succour—mother of men in their last extremity, and midmost of the Three was Our Lady's Child.

Everyman came climbing up from the grave's yonder side, and knelt at the feet of them. He received a green palm-branch from Saint Michael's hand, and a crown of stars from the Lap of Christ's Mother, and a white robe from

the Child Christ. So robed he ended his pilgrimage as far as we might see it—at the semblance of Our Lord's own Feet, chanting Our Lady's Litany. The rocks rang and the echoes thundered with our burthens—"Christe eleison!" "Ora pro nobis!" "Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!"

That night Forde, and John Atiwagoni, and I and two or three others, started upon our journey. We went westward to the ford by moonlight, and camped there. With morning light we went our way.

CHAPTER XX

How I married Master and Man

MANY came after us, seeing we were in earnest, next morning sending a courier on before to apprise us. Some brought grain on sledges, and others brought it on pack-bulls, as we had done ourselves. And one had made his own wagon with wooden wheels to carry for him. So we travelled slowly, for Forde would have us all keep together. But three days after Bartlemas we came to where we would be. Believe me there was sighing and wailing when the new home was sighted. It was not as the old home under the hog's back hill. Some said they feared lions, and others wild dogs, and others said the water was poor; others again, that the lands here would yield but a thrifty harvest. Yet, as I told them, "the life is more than meat." They might live and not die here, I verily believed, should the Mazimba come. So many began to build huts, and Forde set himself to make good our defences, should we need to use them. A second letter and a more urgent one had

come from Caiado on the day that we had started:

"We are in the Beza Chidima country," he told me, "in the great place you wrote of. You had best come to the prince, and tell him in person whither you seek to go. A band of our enemies are across the river, and have brought fire and sword with them. Should you come now, you might further much that you have at heart. Surely the prince would welcome any counsellor with a white face, being at his wits' end."

Therefore I set my mind to go. Was the royal gift that my Master had committed to me —even a Monomotapa's soul blood-stained and wayward—a gift to be let alone?

We went travelling fast, Atiwagoni and I together. Caiado brought us in to our liege-lord Sebastian's presence on the very night that we came. "The blood of your Master has troubled me," the Emperor told us. "Yet have I taken counsel with the elders of my people. I have given a great bull as recompense. Surely all is well now. It is your Master's, and his spirit rests upon it. Is there any of my people of the sun, who does not fear to drive it, or to take it, for his own?"

"Will you never understand, my lord?" I answered him boldly but reverently, "God has given His own Son to pay both for my

Master's death, and for all the blood that your people has shed. Wherefore by that Son he has made ready comfort and joy for you, desiring that you should believe in Him and love Him, that you should break off your sins by repentance, that you should cease to do evil, learning to do well."

He turned to his counsellors when I had spoken. They waved their hands, and were voluble with many words. "Would you contrive to destroy this great people for us? This people that would eat us up?" they asked me. I turned to one that had a horn fixed to his temple, and asked him of his sickness. He said that his head had suffered for a week past. Therefore it was that he sought relief by the cupping of blood. "My masters," I said, "it may be that God would deal with this land of yours, even as this man deals with his blood's sickness. By the letting of blood may not Our Lord design to better this land, willing that it should rejoice in Him, unwilling that it should grieve as of old in the torments of devils?"

After that, we were let go out of their presence, and Caiado took me to his own house. "You have sown seed this night," he said. "But I know not if such evil birds as fly in Africa will devour it." I bowed my head in prayer. I besought him to go

to the prince in the morning to beseech leave for me.

I would depart at noon, also I would declare to my lord how certain of us, his Christian people, had gone into the west country for a while, seeking safety. Also I would have him give the prince assurance of my continuing loyalty.

He came back to me with a smile over his rugged face. The prince would have had you to stay that your white face might scare Mazimba from him. But the Arabs have persuaded him that it were better to let you go. They urged that you might contrive a victory of your own against the flesh-eaters, who are likely to go your way. Yet they said—" haply he may be slain by the Mazimba, and so his blood come on the Mazimba's heads. They said moreover that a Portuguese of such true blood as myself was enough to protect the Court here, since the Mazimba had promised to leave the Portuguese in peace. But that you, who were of another tribe in Europe, could be let go, nor need the prince care whether you lived or died, since who of us knew or cared for your nation ? "

So I was free to go away at noon-tide. Yet I sought leave to stay till the morning, little time that I had to spare. And I gave Caiado the Sacraments that he now desired of me, and blessed him once again. " Surely this is the

last time," I said. But he laughed my words away lightly.

"Did we not say as much thirty years ago?" he asked me.

"Yet are we thirty years older, and thirty years nearer to the night that cometh," I told him. We went back, taking a way that Atiwagoni knew, but not I. I had heard of a trader from Tete, who was newly come among the south-eastern hills. When we came to the place where he dwelt—it was a house of wattles and earth—I found him finishing to thatch it. He was very near his work's end. A dark-eyed boy with a white face was in the house, standing beneath on a ladder. They were working together. He on the roof sewed the yellow grass bunches together, his wooden needle was threaded with bark. He on the ladder below drove it back through the thatch.

I prayed them not to leave their work for me, but to make an end of what they were doing. And I sat to watch them while they sewed. By the time that they had done, Atiwagoni had kindled a fire for us. Then he that was the master, climbed down to us, and set meat with maize-corn before us. He told me how he had come from Tete, which was a poor place now since the wars had issued so sorrowfully. He had travelled down to Sofala with one of the Makaranga, seeking beads and cloth

and iron hoes to trade with. They had brought up three asses' burdens, meaning to go further, but the asses had died when they came to this place. It was not such a place, he said, as he would have chosen. There were but a few villages near, and they were small ones. Yet he had a bold heart to make shift somehow. He told me that his serving-boy had come out of a shipwreck. According to his own story, his father had brought him from Coimbra, meaning to sail with him to Goa. But the father had died after their shipwreck, before ever they saw Sofala, and the son had but hardly reached there. "He had no friend to go to, and none to give him food," that trader told me. "He is a strange boy, and takes this country hardly. Surely he should never have left Europe. But I wish for no better servant. Did he not bring me out of a fell sickness, when I was camped in a cave by the Sawi River? Did he not watch me even as a mother would?" That night, when he was gone to fold his goats, and John Atiwagoni with him, the boy came to speak with me. He told me more than his master had done. "You are a holy Father, and I would declare my necessity to you," he said. (He was very slender I noted. He had mended his clothes and kept them cleanly, though they were old and worn. His voice was soft, and he

spoke delicately. Doubtless it was the voice of him who had come, as he did, from Coimbra —my own blessed Master—that his voice recalled.)

"We were wrecked on the Day of Pentecost, and suffered many things. But all of us were saved in the ship's boats. My father and my young brother and I came to shore in one of them. Then we found but two or three huts near the shore, and the people had gone out of them. Our boat's crew went this way and that way, seeking food. We three found little enough for many days, and we lived as we might, on fruits and roots and leaves and locusts. Then at last we came to a village, and the people gave us of their food. They were kindly people. But my brother of fifteen years died there, and my father would have me dress in his clothes—as better for me than my own, in such a wild country. Afterwards he died, and I was left alone."

I looked into the face that blushed before me, and the eyes that dropped from mine. "Why did you not go to the Dominicans in Sofala?" I asked her, for I guessed what she would tell me.

"There was no priest there when I came thither—the day after my father died," she said. "I was very hungry, and I had none to go to. This man was kind to me. So I asked

him to work for him. I thought he would not know."

"And does he know?" I asked.

Her eyes flashed at me as she said—"Nay. As Our Lady lives, he does not know yet. But I fear horribly. Take me away, my Father. I knew not what I did when I came on this journey. Surely there was never any so forlorn as I am on this day!"

Even as she spoke, her master called to her, and she went forth, with the tears in her eyes. What could I do? Surely no story I had ever heard from woman's lips, save my mother's own, gave me such a heart-ache.

I spoke to them both as we sat over the fire that night. I asked her if I might make her known, and she nodded her head to me. Then she covered her face. The man was a man of honour. He looked me in the eyes steadfastly, and I saw that he had not known. "I pray you let us two speak together," he said. I left them. I went to join Atiwagoni by the fire without. He told me tales of the great blue mountain-range of Wedza and its hill of Kanda Masungu, whither our road was leading us. Was there ever such a range for iron—iron for hoe-heads and for spear-heads, iron for peace and for war? We talked on. Thither to our fire at last came those two together, each holding the other's hand. "We are of one

mind," he said. "Will you not marry us to-morrow after Mass? Are we not both Christians?"

"Is this a time for marrying and giving-in-marriage?" I asked them sadly. I was remembering the Mazimba. "We would die together, if we must die," she said. "We would promise till death us do part." And he confirmed her saying. So we went to their Marriage Mass when the next sun rose, and I joined their hands and blessed them in due season. Afterwards I left them to keep house together, in that house they had thatched for themselves.

CHAPTER XXI

Pisgah Mountain

THE next night we lay at the foot of those blue Wedza mountains, that I had seen afar many times. At sundown we had come to a village where there was a forge, and also a cunning craftsman.

"They have brought him much iron from the hills," Atiwagoni told me. "Are they not rich in iron, those hills, and do not their waters run cold and bitter?"

I watched that smith with much delight, as he worked at his earthen furnace, whence glowing ore ran into the mould. I watched him blow up his fire with hairy goat-skin bellows, and beat out the spear-head upon an anvil of stone. What a mighty stone he heaved up for his hammer!

"Were it not easy," asked John Atiwagoni, "to fashion such guns as we saw at Tete? Could we not secure our walls by them, so that the cannibals would not eat our children?"

I smiled, but sadly. "I have many things to teach your people," I said—"things my

Master trusted me to teach them. Yet do I not think he would have me waste my time teaching them how to kill men better."

Atiwagoni laughed. "It may be good to remember what we have seen to-day," he said.

The morrow morning we climbed up the cliff next to that greatest mountain of the mountains—the people call it Wedza.

"It is only one more day gone," I pleaded with John Atiwagoni. "I have seen these hills from far so often, and I would climb one of the highest of them. I would look out over my Master's country once before my turn come to leave it." So, after he had set the Altar Stone for me among the acacia trees on the cliff-side, and we had ordered the Holy Rite, we climbed. The iron stone lay in flakes on the heights, and made slippery climbing. We came to a deep chasm, and plunged down into it. Behold! There were green palms in it—not tall trees such as I knew at Inhambane, but dwarfish shrubs. Yet had they rich sweeping fronds, worthy to adorn my Master's grave with. My Master's grave, if only I knew where it was, and could come with these to dress it! I had seen no such palms in those wind-swept uplands where my work had lain many years. I would not pluck their branches now, I had no use for them there. We were yet far from home, and I would not bring them back dusty

and bent or broken. So I left them, and climbed up again. In a dell beyond we found lush grass and a grove. There we made our fire, and cooked our breakfast. Above, on the cliff-side, were wild fruit-trees, with spear-head leaves. My comrade told me how those were trees they held in great esteem—seeking from them charcoal to use when they smelted iron. Soon we were climbing, my feet slipping again and again, on the stone-flakes. At last we came out on the terrace of a very bare ridge. There we rested and watched the countryside beneath, now so warm of colour with the painting of the Spring. The forest ground was not at its ruddiest yet, but it flashed in the sun with many glorious stains. Here and there were trees that had not got their leaf yet, but had got their flower—sun's crimson and moon's white. Yes, I think golden-flowered bushes too were to be seen, if one searched for them. But I had not come so far—to that height of the Hunting Snares—Kanda Masungu—merely to feast my eyes on flowers and trees.

I started again, and my comrade with me. We climbed on to the ridge until we could see over. A wide country was spread out before us. My Master's trust was stretched under me; I could fill my eyes with the fair prospect of much of it. I could feed my eyes now with scores of miles. Albeit neither I nor any man

might gather up its view in a single eye-sweep, however high I should climb. John Atiwagoni stood on the ridge beside me, turning his eyes to east and west and south. To north we might see but a little, for the brother hills of that which throned us were set in our vision's way.

Here my comrade named me a hill, and there the chief of a village, there a ruin, and there a place of famous caves. Beneath us, crooking about our mountains' base, shone Sawi. Here we could see him, and there he was lost again—like a carpet torn into lengths of cloth of silver. I told my friend how it went the way of Sofala—where the Arab ships had gathered, even as ships of Portugal now, seeking for freights of gold. Up that valley had Bangaguru come, and with him the Black Friar whom the Mazimba slew. That way had the pair come whom I had married yester-morning. Afterwards we were silent, and I swept my eyes this way and that way. There was so much to do, I had done so little. My Master had been he who had heard the call first and left his kindred, our Abraham, the Father of our faithful. I was but Moses, as it were, on the frontier yet, and entering not in.

Who would be the Joshua of our Promised land ? Who should deliver from the Mazimba, that army of the aliens ? And after the death of such a Joshua, whoever he might be, would

God's Israel go a-whoring again? And who would then be her judges and her saviours under the One Who judges and Who saves? Would it all end at last in some Babylonish Captivity; But a darker one than that the Hebrews suffered of old—darker and without repentance—since Africa was more curst than other lands!

I had brought with me a Book—the last of the Books of Moses. I had planned this ascent before ever I had started from my home. Now I read the story again of Mount Pisgah, in the Latin rendering, brooding on it all alike—the loss of it and the gain of it as well. "And the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah unto the utmost sea, and the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm trees, unto Zoar. And the Lord said unto him: this is the land which I sware unto Abraham. . . . I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

Then as I ended, I shuddered. What if this Church should never come to fruition, this Church of the south-land in Africa the curst. Did not the Church of Africa's northland die untimely? What if our Church should die, this year or this very month of months? What if the Mazimba should break our bruised reed,

and quench our smoking flax? What if I should perish as Moses, and there be no Joshua? Yet did I kneel down, and John beside me, on the ridge there. I made Acts of Faith and Hope and Love there, both in my own tongue and in his. And afterwards I read Moses' own words—who bare witness to those Everlasting Arms which uphold us, and to the refuge of our Eternal God.

I interpreted those words to my comrade, him whom I had found so faithful in things not a few.

After that, we sang Te Deum, overlooking the lands that God had assigned to my Master —methought I doubted it no longer—a fair lot and a goodly heritage. We sang as it were a two-man glee together. But John said at the end of it, with a face of wonderment, "Were there not three of us singing together, and did not I know the voice of that other one?"

CHAPTER XXII

How I mistook a Phial

"So the cannibal made a deep sack of goat-skin. He put the girl within it, and he carried her on his shoulders away. He went into his hut with the sack and laid it on the ledge where his pots stood. Then he went out to gather firewood that he might make a big fire. Then her brother, who had been following, crept into the house, and he unbound the sack's neck and loosed his sister. Then he filled the sack with a swarm of bees, and bound its neck again. So the brother and sister ran away, and hid by the cattle-kraal to see what they might see.

Then came the cannibal, and told his little daughter to open the sack. And she said "it bites," and ran away. Then he set his son, and he said "it bites," and ran away. So he sent his wife, and she said "it bites," and ran away. So the cannibal was very angry, and he fastened the door of his house and said—"You are all mad, and none of you shall have any of my dinner. So he went to kill the girl, and cook her and eat her. Then the bees came

out and bit him till he was mad with pain, and cried out "help! help!" But they could not come to help him, for was not the door fastened? At last he made a hole in his roof, and climbed out. But the bees went after him and bit till he ran into the river, and was drowned."

Atiwagoni told me the old story, as we sat by a fire, but a little way now from our new home. We hoped to be there on the third day at noontide. There were granite hills above us, and we could hear people drumming. A boy came down from their village curiously.

"Are you the brothers of the man in the cave?" he asked. Atiwagoni told him that we came from far away, and also whither we would be going. I asked who the man in the cave might be. When he told me about him I made sure that the man was an Arab, and that he was indeed very sick. So we finished our food quickly, and went up to minister to him. The cave was in the westernmost of the hills above us. We were a long while coming to it, and I think if the boy had not guided us we should have missed it. For the moonless night was now falling dark indeed. But at last we saw the glow of a fire, and climbed up through the rocks to it. A turbaned man lay by the fire, and a black man, who seemed a slave from the sea-coast, lounged beside it. I ministered

to the sick, and gave him a febrifuge, for I found his head was burning. But when I prayed over him that my drug might have good success, he glared at me, and he spat like a certain snake will. So I but commended my work to God, and went back to my fire. I saw no other Arabs for that while. Yet, in the morning, when we had finished our Altar-Service, and our meal, and were striking camp, I saw three or four of them. They were looking down on us from the cliff above.

"Why do they look after us so hard?" said Atiwagoni. I saw that he crossed himself, seeming to seek protection from some evil that I knew not of. It was in the afternoon that my limping leg grew much worse, and before night I could hardly travel, it was so swollen. We stayed on a wind-scourged plain hard by a village of old and poor houses. There were but a few bushes near it, and the weather was overcast and chill. We had halted in our march an hour before sunset; I had halted so painfully. Lo! Before the light was gone we saw Arabs and slaves—a long train of them —pass by and go into the village.

"Let me watch all night and keep a good fire." I heard John Atiwagoni mutter to himself. He said the same words over and over, making a sort of sing-song of them. But no one came to disturb us throughout that night,

so far as I knew. In the morning I felt myself riper for travelling. We were almost ready to go forward at last. My altar-stone was packed away, and both our breakfasts eaten. Then it was that an Arab came to us. He was not alone, for a slave carrying a fowl followed him. He prayed me for some fever balm. I gave him freely of a drug that I carried.

Afterwards John bought the fowl from his slave for a length of cloth. He had been lamenting for meat both night and morning. I was glad, too, he had bought some at last.

The Arabs went their way, all of them and their slaves with them, and we went ours. When we got to our camp that night, Atiwagoni made ready to cook his fowl. But he did not like the look of its meat.

"I believe it was killed with a poisoned arrow," he told me. "Look at this leg here! Let us keep all the flesh till the morning, and see how it looks then!"

In the morning he threw the bird away. He said that the flesh was black and no good. Then he came back to me, and spoke his thoughts aloud. "I have seen that old man before. I remember him yet, but it was many years ago. Then he recalled how we had known him at Sena when he, John, had been my servant there. A ring with a dark stone that the Arab wore was his clue.

"His kinsmen were killed, every one. Did you not baptize one before he died? Do you not remember?"

I remembered that sinful killing-time in Dom Barreto's river-war too well. Did I not?

"Well," said Atiwagoni. "I think that old man was away trading. That was why they did not catch him. Doubtless now he would slay you, because you were there in Sena when your people slew his people. Doubtless he thought to poison us. Did not your brothers stake his brothers, or prepare other deaths for them? Doubtless he sought our deaths."

"It may be," I said. "Yet will I not judge him." "And you helped the Arab that was sick," John went on. "Are not Arabs evil seed? I think that they have more revengeful blood than our heathen people oftentimes. There is a story the Portuguese tell how one Arab bought another Arab from being a slave of Portugal, and sent him back to his father. Yet even so, the father had that benefactor slain, while he slept. He would not forbear, for his so great kindness, to avenge a kinsman of his own upon him. Were they not Arabs who set Mocrume to strangle our Father, when he sought the salvation of all men?"

Afterwards he laughed very loud and long, but he would not tell me why.

We had not seen the Arabs for a night, but on that next night we saw a great fire not far from our own camp. "We must watch," Atiwagoni said. He was weary, and I said I would take the first watch.

While he slept, I made discovery of a reason why he had laughed. At least I found fair reason for a smile. I had given the Arab a wrong phial in all innocence. I had given him a very stirring drug in place of a febrifuge.

When the time of his watch came, I woke Atiwagoni. The first cocks had crowed. "Let us strike camp, and go to see the Arabs," I said. I told him what I had found to be the truth, and he laughed boisterously. He was stubborn about coming, yet at last he came with me. I owned my mistake to them and craved pardon. I gave them the drug I should have given. We exchanged courtesies—my white-bearded patient watching me with startled eyes, as I were a man risen from the dead. Then we departed in peace.

CHAPTER XXIII

Night Fears

THAT evening we came to our refuge in the west. It had two names—Pfumo, the place of the Spear, and also a name that meant a chief's head-ring.

"The Mazimba are moving," Forde told me after supper. "It has been cried by the people from hill to hill. They are burning and killing and eating, they sweep as clean as a grass-fire. But our turn has not come yet."

"How many days are they from us," I asked him. He said that he reckoned they would be on us in two or three days at most, unless they were to pass us by.

"It may well be Heaven's Will they should not pass us by," I considered. "Why should they rend and tear the wretched heathen—who are as goats without a herd? It may well be God's Will that they should choose us for their onslaught."

With that thought still in my mind, I said my night prayers. The wind blew furiously on the morrow, and a fire came with it. It was

the Day of Saint Cyprian. I remembered a name they called that season's winds in Africa long ago. They called them Cyprian's winds, but that was before Carthage's Church-candle blew out by the Will of God. I seemed to see our own southland candle guttering in the wind now. "There is one thing to do for this time," I thought. So I began to preach very simply in our Church (such as it was), that same night. I promised also to preach, should I be suffered, at morning and noon and night on the morrow.

I planned my discourse as I was taught by Saint Ignatius in his exercises. I would preach of the Four Last Things, first and foremost, of Death and Judgment, of Hell and Heaven. The four occasions I had hoped for, were allowed me, and the place was thronged. It was no real Church as yet, only a sheltered place between rocks and walls. Many came to us for the Sacraments on the night and morning that followed. Father Aleixo was very busy; God had given him the gift of tongues, in more bountiful fashion than to me. To me it was given to lag but lamely in the Chikaranga tongue, even as I stumbled lamely along the Makaranga footpaths.

It was Saint Michael's Eve, and Forde called me up on to the walls, to walk with him. He showed me how strong the place was. "I might hold it if all the people of Tondo came

at once. But these Mazimba who should have been here by now—what are they ? A roving band ? Truly they may come hither, but I do not think that many will go hence."

"That is as Heaven will have it," I said, hating his boasting.

"There is but one thing," he said. "that can threaten us in fair fight. I am not reckoning the services of Angels or Devils to either us that stand siege, or to them that besiege us. A gun or two might make a breach, should they have them. Then haply there might be dreadful work, of the sort we saw by the river. The Makaranga are no match for them, should they once reach them. But if the Mazimba had guns with them, the guns they took from us, who would teach them to use them ?"

"Might not the Arabs tutor them ?" I asked.

His face grew white, as he stared at me. "I had forgotten the Arabs," he said. "But why should the Arabs help them ? Are they their friends ?"

"I know nought of any friendship," I said. "But I know that the Arabs are not wont to love us, and that they make strange friends in Africa."

He thought long and said little. "I will do what I can," he said. "Saint Michael could do no more than his best."

"Then I would have you boast less and

pray more," I told him. I spoke solemnly, but he laughed and took me lightly.

Then he went to consult with John and Antonio, the two he trusted so well.

That night I would watch on Saint Michael's hill, it being Michaelmas on the morrow. All seemed well as on other nights, when John and I climbed up the hill together. Two sentinels were pacing up and down, meeting one another as they circled the walls. There were no drums to hear in our own camp. Only a single drum thudded forlornly in a village beyond the stream. We went up the hill together. I prayed awhile and we came down again.

"I saw a man. I think he was naked," John murmured fearfully, as we scrambled down. "Hark! Hark!" It was a wolf's voice, the hyæna-wolf of that country was howling. It was very near now. When we came back to our camp, there was a stir to be heard in the huts, scared voices cried and whispered to one another.

"They have heard the wizard's horse," Atiwagoni said. "Now they will be afraid for a time, be sure."

I went round to hut after hut where I heard voices. I invited the watchers to come and share our own vigil by the fire. I told them what a blessed Eve St Michael's was, and how

full of comfort for night-fears. Soon many of the men stole out to me with their cloaks wrapped about them. I began to sing Saint Michael's hymn that I had taught them, thinking to keep up their hearts. I had thought to do the best, but I verily believe I did the worst. I had done better to have trusted to their falling asleep in their own huts again, and not to have brought them round the fire—vigilant and wakeful. For what should come to pass but a fierce trial of their faith, overthrowing many of them. For a bird suddenly flapped down on my own hut and clung there, with doleful night-cries. "Maiwé! Maiwé! Babawé!" The air grew keen with their lamentations.

"What shall we do, my Father?" "Did you see?" "Did you hear?" "Surely the Mazimba will come to-morrow, and cook our flesh in our own pots!"

I tried to soothe them nurse-wise and mother-wise. At last John Atiwagoni plucked up heart. He reminded them gruffly how Saint Michael buffeted Sathanas out of Heaven. Also how he had followed him down to earth many a time. They seemed to be consoled a little, but they were slow to own it. Forde and I sat smoking tobacco together, when the last had rolled himself into his cloak. "I would have given a golden São Thomé," he said, "that this should not have happened. 'What

is a bird's perch on a hut to-night,' do you say ? Verily it may make them run to-morrow."

In the morning, not without a fair cause, I thundered out the words of Holy Writ to them, telling of that war in Heaven.

When the Blessing was scarce out of my mouth, a great shouting reached me. "Maiwé ! Babawé ! They are coming to eat us !" Surely the warfare on earth, that we had so long awaited, was now at last to begin.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Sign of Saint Michael

It was before noon on Michaelmas that the Mazimba came against us—a gallant sight, full five hundred of them, with tossing shields and shaking spears. Forde had learned lessons—having seen what he had seen in the wars of the Portuguese. He manned his walls that day even as the Mazimba had done their ramparts, when Pedro de Sousa assailed them. If they had had stouter hearts, those wild defenders of old, we had the advantage of them, I think, in the walls of our own defence, being such stout ones.

Our Makaranga shot arrows into the thick of the crowds beneath them, they cast spears, they poured scalding water and hissing fat that their women made ready for them. Our one entrance-gate was blocked with huge earth-works, and stacked with thorn-bushes, there was no easy way of ingress. The Mazimba lost a score or more while we lost few to their spears. The men of old days had laboured hard on that fortress of Dhlo-Dhlo. Were not we inheritors, entering into their labours on that day of days ?

Yet a few were lost to the barbarians' spears, and I was busy within the walls at my own work, too busy to watch the tide of battle. I had but time now and again to ask for tidings. Then, when tidings came, I would invoke Our Lord, with Our Lady and Saint Michael and Saint John Baptist, to counter new need with new succour. At length our enemies drew off a while, broken and dispirited. How our people shouted and exulted, like children that have won their game! Then cries of dismay told me that the foes were again upon us. They were coming this second time with boughs and poles and logs. Some hurled spears at the wall's wardens, others tried to heap the trench full and bridge it. It was already choking here and there with bodies. By and by there were many essaying to scale our wall. But only one clambered up all the day through, John Atiwagoni told me, and Antonio, the sergeant, made brief work with him, clubbing him and heaving him among his fellows. At last they gave over, and strove no more, save to bear their dead away. That work they did bravely and deftly, though the Makaranga harassed them sorely.

Our people's blood was high in them that last hour of the battle. It would seem that they had forgotten or put by the night's dolcful omen. They shouted "Saint Thiago!" "Saint

Thiago!" Even so some of them had heard the Portuguese shout. They would have rushed out to gore their foes, if Forde would only have let them. But he knew their dreadful foes too well for that.

"It was not to pleasure you by sparing the Mazimba, I held in my battle," he told me. "It was to save these Makaranga of ours, whom they would surely have eaten up."

That night we sang Te Deum within our walls. You might see the fires of our enemies scattered here and there on the plains beneath. They were all gone by noon on the morrow, having buried their dead. That they ate some of them, our people said, but I know not. They moved fast on the road towards their northern homes, our scouts told us.

"Let us expect them then, and their brothers, a bee-swarm of them, after the rains are over," Forde told me, with a knit brow. "God help us indeed, if they should come again next year!" But my heart was so full with thanks that I hardly heeded him.

Had not my heart foreboded the quenching of our Church's candle? Surely, as our day so would our strength be, should we but keep hold on God! Therefore, on the Feast of the Guardian Angels, but three days after our victory, I went on pilgrimage. I sought the mound without our walls—the hill of Saint

Michael. I laid the first stone thereon to build him a house. I remembered what I had vowed when I saw the blood flow and the spears fly, not knowing then whether the Doom of Africa was upon the Cross that we had planted.

I knelt on the stone that I had laid. I made supplication. Then I saw, as it were, my Master coming to meet with me. And I said, "Non nobis, Domine!" in the triumph of my soul. But there was that in my Master's face that dashed any heedless joy of mine. Straightway I wrung my hands, and I said to him—"O my Master, why was it that you must die before your time on earth? Why must you not stay with me to see this blessed day?"

Nevertheless, for all my questions and rapture, there was that in his eyes which baffled me,—a look I could nowise understand. Then I was aware, as I watched, how my Mother was with him, and I turned from him to her. Yet could I read the eyes of neither of them, neither the blue eyes nor the brown. There was wonder in them and pity, and most tender expectation. But I, in my mood of triumph, could not understand why their mood was not as mine. At last came my patron Saint Michael, and rode in between them, clothed upon with shining armour, riding on wings, instead of steed. And I bent my head lowly before him, I knew not why. Then he struck

me with his sword's flat upon my shoulder, as a prince might do, willing to dub me knight. Howbeit I understood not what was the purport of that sign vouchsafed by my patron. Nor meseems was I meant to understand. Even as the vision faded, words came to my age out of my childhood—" What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

CHAPTER XXV

Pervigilium

A YEAR is almost gone since I last wrote at my tale. Now, as I write, Forde's Antonio is waiting for me to finish. He would carry what I write to his master, who has gone forward. I would not then be busy with many words. This is the birth-vigil of Our Lady Saint Mary. I know well what colours the woodlands are beginning to wear now. I can hear drums beating a dance of the Spring. (Who they are that beat them I would tell you presently.) I can hear the bird, that would be as a nightingale, snatching at his song. And I say over to myself that Spring refrain—perchance it was made in Africa on some such night as this, these many years ago—

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet." I go on to fumble at the verses of the song but I can only remember one or two lines rightly now—

"Ver novum, ver jam canorum, ver renatus orbis est." Joy has seemed dumb in me of late. Now to-night, as yonder bird, I would

sing my own snatch of joy, while I may, for want of better.

"Illa cantat, nos tacemus, quando ver venit meum?" Surely my own true Spring may begin to-morrow, and the prelude of my song-time.

Though I have had much love allowed me, these lonely years in Africa, I have lacked two friends very often—both my Master and my mother. Now to-night there is good hope of a change of life for me, no later than on the morrow. My heart kindles alike to explore love, and to renew it.

"Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet." For the drums that are beating on the plain about me are the drums of the Mazimba. Five days ago their nation came again, this time in its thousands. They brought with them those two guns that they won from the Captain of Sena. And Arabs that have made friends with them (God knows how, and surely the Devil knows too), are here to work the guns for them. So it came about yesterday, when the sun was low, that our wall was breached. After that, Forde kept them out till nightfall. But he lost many, and he could not take the guns. He came to me when they had left us for the day, after sunset. Men weary and wounded were with me. We were cooking supper over a fire.

"Old friend and Father," he said. "Let us draw off to the walls by the Khami river. Surely that is our best hope on earth. Come, let us be speedy! Go if you will, bid the wounded and the sick good-bye! For we must leave them. May we not save a few score of our people by going, so that they will live and not die?"

But I told him I was sick myself, which was true enough, and so lame withal that I could not travel their pace. Moreover I said—"Would you have me leave my sick? Let Father Aleixo, who can travel well, go with you! May not I help you my own way, keeping a camp-fire here burning where the Mazimba may see it?" He made shift to persuade me, but afterwards he gave over.

"We are not like to get through," he said. "These cannibals are cursedly brave, and these Arabs cursedly wise. If only we had tried to forge guns of our own, the way Atiwagoni told us, but God knows I will try if there be time—when once we come to the walls by the river."

"Haply we had done better to resist not evil this day," I said. "Haply men shall come after us that shall obey Our Lord more simply."

I asked him to leave some one with me, who should bring on what I would write, having a mind to bring my tale to an end. Then I gave him the rest of what I had written.

"Farewell," Forde said. He seemed now reconciled to my resolve. "Who knows after all, if they will kill you, or John Atiwagoni, or any of the sick or hurt at all? If a man believes he may walk through hell unscotched, may he not deliver himself and others with him?"

I shook my head. I said I did not think to come safe through the Mazimba, as on the night I shrove Father Nicholas. I murmured something of a strange vision I had had of Saint Michael, that I had not at the time understood. Then I begged them both, Father Aleixo and Dick Forde, to care for that trust of sheep that had come to me from my Master, having come to him from Our Lord. I counselled them to make no war for war's sake, saying that God's Will was peace and not war at all, as men misdeemed. Also I sent my blessing to Trinity College, and also to our Company of Jesus, and besought Masses both for my mother and my Master, as also for my Master's people, and Acts of Reparation and Hope and Love for our enemies. Then after that, they went away and left me, going forth into the darkness.

He that I thought yet might serve my Mass in this cock-crow watch,—John Atiwagoni—died in my own arms after they went. He had many wounds. O my Master, if few

were so very faithful out of thy many—surely this one was ! You called him when he herded the goats by Musengezi. Surely he hath endured to the end, and is saved.

Folk talk of the Church in Africa as dead long ago, yet do Perpetua and Felicity and Austin live with God ? Our Church may gush out in blood and go up in fire this year, yet doubt not that John Atiwagoni lives with him that baptized him, and with God !

Beside the great barns of England or Portugal the grainbins we have built among Makaranga granite hills are little, yet will God take reckoning of them.

Dick, if you should read this letter, I have been cold to you at whiles. My Master found me so, it was ever my fault of faults. And Father Bernabe too found me cold—he who gave me the seal I would seal this letter with. My mother and my friends have taught me how I have failed in love. Yet I think there is much hope for me this morning. (I must send my letter away, or the light will come, bringing peril to my messenger.) This is the cock-crow watch of God's Mother's birthday.

(Christ and Saint Michael weigh not too heavily the boasting of my heart !)—Is it not the crown of many lonesome days ?

" To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love."

EPILOGUE

Labarum Africanum

(The Southern ✠)

Four starry points whereby to trace our Cross
(And one of those poor four so dwarf and dim)
Set on a starless void's unglutted brim !
Yet being what we are, and where we are,
Tempt we the venture of our gain or loss !

" In this sign conquer ! "
Let that pledge befriend
Others that in another land contend !
It is denied us here to south so far.

Grant us, O Christ, in our own skies to read
Such promise as we need
For this our forlorn war !
Yon sign we watch to-night so starry-clear—
Set to the verge of a dark void so near,
With a significance so perilous—
" In this Sign venture ! "——
Sufficed our forebears and contenteth us.

EDITOR'S NOTE

HERE the tale of John Kent as it has reached me, ends. As to what happened to him or to his flock, the following excerpt from South African history may afford some clue.

"At Dhlodhlo, in latitude 19° 40′ S., longitude 29° 25′ east of Greenwich, a few years ago the seal of a priest bearing the name Bernabe de Ataide encircling the symbol I.H.S., a silver cross and gold neck chain partly fused by fire, a little bell with the handle burnt off, a fused silver plate and some other articles were found close together, and were covered with earth twenty to thirty centimetres, or eight to twelve inches, in depth. Not far off were two small cannons, one of bronze, the other of iron, with the arms of Portugal stamped upon them, though to a certainty no military station ever existed near that locality. At Khami, a little more than an hour's ride on horseback west of

Bulawayo, a cross of stones and the stone foundation of a small rectangular building such as a church or European dwelling-house have been discovered, but no one can say when and by whom they were construeted."—Theal, "History and Ethnology of Africa south of the Zambesi," Volume I. (Edition 1910), page 497.

A. S. C.

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There's a Rosie Show in Derry,
An' a Rosie Show in Down;
An' 'tis like there's wan I'm thinkin'
'Ill be held in Randalstown.
But if I had the choosin'
Av a rosie prize the day,
'Twould be a pink wee rosie
Like he plucked whin rakin' hay.
Yon pink wee rosie in my hair—
He fixt it troth—an' kissed it there!
White gulls wor wheelin' roun' the sky,
Down by—Down by.

Ay, there's rosies sure in Derry,
An' there's famous wans in Down;
Och there's rosies all a hawkin'
Through the heart av London town!
But if I had the lifiin'
Or the buyin' av a few,
I'd choose jist pink wee rosies
That s all drenchin' wid the dew—
Yon pink wee rosies wid the tears,
Och, wet, wet tears!—ay, troth 'tis years
Since we kep' rakin' in the hay
Thon day—Thon day!

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